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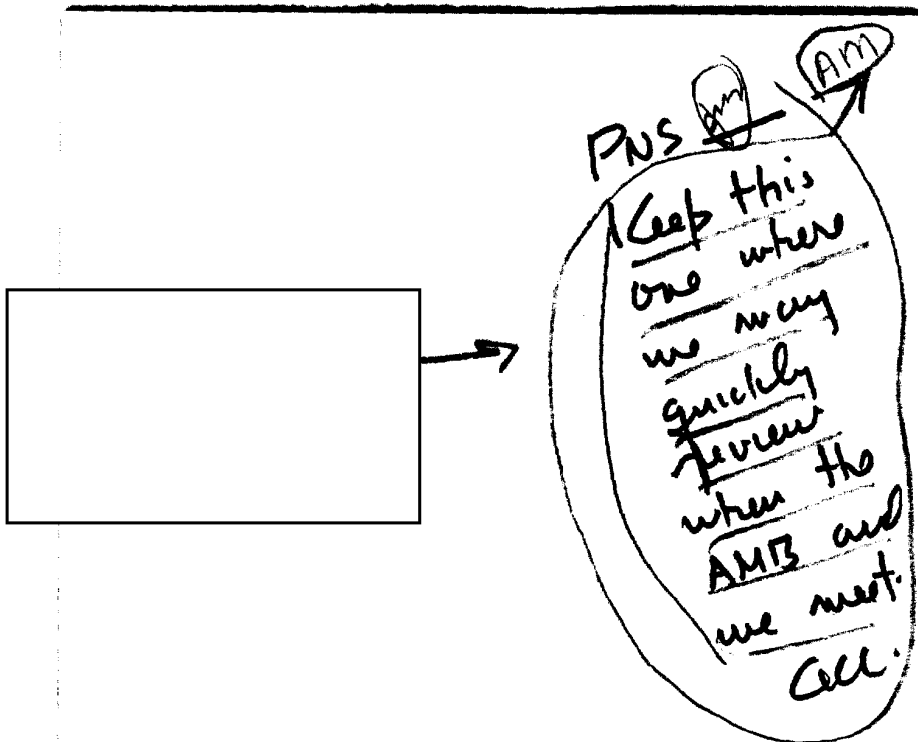
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Vol. 103, No 20, Week ending November 21, 1970



Miners started returning to work this week as their unofficial strike collapsed. Lord Robens, head of the Coal Board, has blamed the strike on Communists. Harold Jackson investigates the extent of Communist influence in British industry on page 8.

The challenge for Pakistan

For East Pakistan it is tragedy, as usual. Simple tragedy, with tens of thousands dead: complex tragedy, full of ironies and human sloth and sickening fatalism. The world can and must respond to the simple challenge, providing relief and expertise and some of the money to make the Ganges Delta safe. But only Pakistan can tackle the complex issues. Pakistan asks for help, but in the deepest sense, she must help herself.

For 23 years of freedom, the rulers of West Pakistan have allowed the listless millions of the overcrowded, undernourished East to languish. Pakistan has been the Punjab—wittier, cleverer, fatter. The Army, the Civil Service, and the landlords together have contrived to bleed away what scanty wealth the East produces, leaving the victims of the delta as exposed as ever. It has not always been a cynical process. There is dire poverty in the West as well. But no impartial observer, looking especially at the wasted years of Ayub Khan, can pretend that Bengali anger is

misplaced or much exaggerated. Few in the East wanted war with India in 1965, and the cost of that bizarre military excursion would have paid for dikes clear across the Ganges. World Bank studies have shown what needs to be done, but little has moved beyond rhetoric. Pakistan as a united nation has failed to respond. The contrast between the concrete delights of Ayub's Brasilia, Islamabad, and the shanties of the delta is sharp enough to gladden any Maoist agitator; but it remains valid, for all that.

This cyclone, particularly, comes at a bitter time—three weeks before the first election in which East Pakistan is to have one man, one vote, and thus, probably, the making of the new Prime Minister. Few are truly hopeful for democracy, but the likelihood of Shaikh Mujibur Rahman and his Awami League as dominant partners in a governing coalition does mean that the centuries of neglect could be coming to an end, however briefly. The new tragedy underlines the need and the opportunity. Many commenta-

tors expect a democratic Pakistan to crumble into feudal or cynically opportunistic factionalism—Rahman and Mr Bhutto's Left-wingers, Maulana Bhashani's Chinese-style "Socialists"; squabbles to bring Yahya Khan or some tougher soldiers back from the sidelines. But soldiers have never faced up to the appalling human ant-hill of Bengal; soldiers and martial law may stifle strife, but can never reflect the mass concern to guard East Pakistan from the elements.

Perhaps once again (as in August) natural disaster will postpone polling; perhaps democracy, in all its trivial and gimmicky aspects, seems irrelevant to the enormity of the carnage. The first and right problem is simply saving lives. But later there will be a second choice. Pakistani forgetfulness and acceptance of more tragedy or Pakistani determination finally to stem the floods. A challenge to new parties, new leaders; a challenge, literally, which will make or break a country.

Russia's first moon-mini 3

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Week ending
November 21, 1970
Vol. 103, No 20

Editor
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The "Guardian Weekly" draws on the services of the British morning newspaper the "Guardian," published daily in London and Manchester.

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Belgium: Henri Schoup
Canada: Clyde Sanger
Communist Affairs: Victor Zorza
Eastern Europe: Jonathan Steele
France: Nesta Roberts
Germany: Margot Lyon
India: Norman Crossland
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LETTERS

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Guardian Weekly November 21 1970

British v. foreign cars

Sir.—The acquisition of the British-owned motor industry by Lancashire's lordly whizz kid and his team of supersalesmen was vaunted as the opening of a new age for the British motor industry. BLMC was to be the imperial gem of a new trade imperialism.

But just as Lancashire cotton imperialism collapsed in paranoid megalomania—how could we prefer Empire-made cotton goods?—so also would the motor industry appear to be collapsing. Lord Stokes says we must be nuts to buy foreign: protection by patriotism is to replace protection by tariff.

No credence can be given to his view. We buy foreign if, within our area of choice, the foreign buy appears best. British motor vehicle technology is undoubtedly advanced, but the quality of the finished product remains low. The theoretical technology is of no avail if it cannot be applied effectively on the production line. The excuse that component parts are to blame is no excuse, unless BLMC renounce responsibility for their buying.

A soundly-built car, even if based on a rudimentary technology, is worth all of Lord Stoke's exhortations. It is to the end of good quality throughout the whole of the BLMC range that BLMC management should apply themselves. Or in other words supply us with a choice that is viable rather than with insults.

In the 1970s the market is not going to be home and export; it will be a single entity. All areas must be supplied with the product, service facilities, and spares. But even now distribution in the UK seems haphazard. Criticism of BLMC by franchise-holders is regarded as hostility and incurs threats rather than assistance. Several franchise-holders are demonstrating their lack of faith in their future with BLMC and are opting for imported makes. They feel that they will be involved in a trading partnership which is constructed for the benefit of the customer as well as themselves.

It is on two fronts that BLMC fall down; on their product and on their marketing. The analogy with cotton is perhaps complete. There

is even trouble down at C'mill.—Yours faithfully,

A. Robert Ellison
University of Keele
Students' Union.

Sir.—Recent writings and arguments about the considerable increase in Continental car sales in Britain seem to have skirted round a key point without mentioning it. The sales policies of home manufacturers have given considerable stimulus to foreign car sales. Their main distributors in every town are rapidly becoming their sole distributors. The smaller garage men are losing their local agencies. This small incentive bought their loyalty and their interest in giving a good maintenance service to their neighbourhood customers to sell the replacement and preserve the good reputation of the cars they sold and cared for. Many of these disfranchised former agents refuse to decline; they are in a competitive rush to pick up foreign agencies.—Yours faithfully,

J. E. Batty.

134 Wetherby Road,
Harrogate.

Democracy and Quebec

Sir.—As a Canadian I was pleased to read Stephanie Williams's letter published beside the sweeping denunciations of the group from Bristol Gardens. The two letters sent me back to re-read Adam Raphael in the issue of October 24. His report is, I think, a very fair and fairly complete one.

The present situation arises out of the struggle, in the Province of Quebec, between those who recognise and accept as valid the various grievances of the people, believe that these can be righted within the framework of confederation, and those who believe that only separation can do this. When the provincial election showed that a very significant majority of the voters, something

like 80 per cent of them French-speaking, disagreed with the separatists, a minority group among them, frustrated by their lack of support, undertook by a savagely violent methods to force their opinions upon the majority. The French-speaking Government of the Province of Quebec, to protect its supporters from this violence, requested aid from the Federal Government.

The other provinces of Canada have refrained from active interference, believing that this is, at this point, a matter for the people of Quebec to settle. The only opposition has come from people—mainly political theorists—who affect to see in the application of the War Measures Act a threat to their political liberty. This in

spite of the fact that Mr Trudeau stated at the beginning that it would be retired as soon as Parliament could draft a less drastic measure to control the situation. This is presently being done.

If to be democratic one must sit passively and allow a turbulent minority to ride roughshod over the majority and dictate what they shall think and do, then I suppose we are now being undemocratic in Canada. There are a few people here who seem to think so. But most of us have other ideas.—Yours very truly,

K. F. Ettinger.

Hamilton,
Ontario.

my family's standards and welfare.

Alan Legg.
Old Marston, Oxford.

Doomwatch

Sir.—I am astonished that the BBC should jeopardise its tradition of political impartiality. On page 67 of the current issue of the "Radio Times" is published a picture of Mr Heath having won the election. Also shown are scenes from five international catastrophes.—Yours faithfully,

D. H. Stokes.

74 Gaynesford,
Basildon, Essex.

The tax on knowledge

Sir.—How reasonable the proposal that there should be a charge of 2s 6d to enter national museums and art galleries sounds. This seems little enough when today 2s 6d will only buy a large packet of cornflakes. But having spent a marvellous week in London taking our children (aged 4, 5, 6, and 8) to the museums and art galleries we realise fully the value of the privilege we have just had withdrawn.

With a charge to enter, say, the Tate we would have to weigh our priorities very carefully in the context of our family budget—for an hour-long visit (which is enough for a start) one would have to think twice and perhaps be forced to decide that they were after all a trifle young to appreciate all they might see. To impose charges would widen the gap between those that go and those that never have, to the detriment of society as a whole.

There is no better way to enrich the life of the nation than providing the facilities for everyone to know and enjoy their heritage. This is another petty economy, the effect of which is not immediately apparent—how can we expect future generations to care for their nation's treasures if they only belong to those who can afford to look?

The estimated "benefit" from this exercise will be £1 million; the cost to the coming generations will be enormous.

Beryl and Brian Mason.
8 Cound Close,
Wellington, Salop.

Sir.—For 16 years I have held a reader's ticket for the British Museum. I do serious research there, day in, day out, winter and summer, so far as earning my living allows. This ticket is one of the most precious possessions of my life. It is not true to say it is free; I pay rates and taxes.

Most London national museums are together at South Kensington. Families visit one expecting to go to the others three, pence, even for small families, for four museums, could be very burdensome. Evening course fees are to be raised. Serious users of museums do not treat their visit as entertainment; they go to learn and worship beauty.

The nineteenth century saw victory in the fight for the unstamped press, the free and public library, the abolition of the taxes on knowledge.

Is the latter part of the twentieth century going to put fetters on the mind and reimpose the taxes on knowledge? How feeble a flame is liberty, how it gutters.—Yours faithfully,

(Miss) G. Hawtin.

Wimbledon,
London SW19.

South Africa—evolution or revolt?

Sir.—Surely it is a fine rage Professor Blacking is in over the proposed sale of arms to South Africa (Weekly, October 31). But the blood in his eye is really no excuse for his misuse of English words. There may be some validity in the catch phrase "black power" in the American political context, or even in the early enthusiasm of the OAU before it began to fall into disarray after personal power struggles and the quid pro quo manoeuvres now evident in the Middle East. In the South African context, the phrase is meaningless. There are 21.3 million people here: 14.9 million "blacks," 3.8

million "whites," 2 million "browns" (Coloureds), and 0.6 million Asians (mostly Indian and Malay). Of the 14.9 million blacks, at least 12.0 million are Zulus, Xhosas, Tswanas, and Sothos, who will not welcome Professor Blacking's careless treatment of their ethnic pride. The 2.0 million Coloureds have been bred to Western European culture and tradition for 300 years and are mostly upper blue collar workers moving fast into white collar jobs: certainly they are no possible part of a black power group.

South Africa and the Common Market need cause no concern:

odds are that in the light of the now cyclical economic changes now taking place, radical new economic alliances will have to be formed to avert an unprecedented inflationary explosion. Further broadening of trading links between black and white in Africa (and thus "dialogue") are part of a new emerging pattern. Less heady than assassins, mobsteries, demonstrations, and nail bombs but, then, evolution (persuasion) has never made newspaper headlines has it?—Yours faithfully,

R.S.B. Robinson.

Marshalltown,
Transvaal.

What incentive?

Sir.—By stating, as he did during his interview on "Panorama," that those families who will be worse off as a result of the Barber package should overcome their difficulties by changing their pattern of expenditure, does Mr Heath really mean that:

3 Britannia Road,
Moreley, Yorkshire.

Norrie Ward.

My parents and grandparents in their day believed in "waste not, want not," in "cutting your coat according to your cloth." What is wrong with that, Dr Harris?—Yours etc.

3 Britannia Road,
Moreley, Yorkshire.

What incentive?

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THE WEEK

In what might finally be recorded as the worst natural disaster in history, a cyclone and tidal wave struck coastal areas and offshore islands in the Bay of Bengal. By midweek, official estimates put the death toll at around 60,000, but the "Pakistan Times," published by the Government Press Trust, said the figure could reach a million. More than two million people across a wide area of East Pakistan were affected by the floods, and half that number are thought to be left homeless and without proper food and water supplies.

The fertile region to the south of Dacca has attracted one of the most dense populations in the world, and relief organisations said that the loss of crops and cattle could lead to acute shortages. But a more immediate threat is that of cholera and typhoid epidemics spread by polluted water.

Reports said bodies were still floating in streams and rice paddies, in spite of efforts since the weekend to put them in communal graves. The largest island, Bhola, was said to contain 50,000 dead; another island, Hatiya, was submerged under 10 feet of water.

India was one of the first countries to promise aid, worth £27,000. The British Government committed £30,000 for immediate relief, and voluntary organisations donated another £20,000. Mr Nixon promised US aid amounting to £1 million.

The Lockheed TriStar airliner made a successful maiden flight, powered by Rolls-Royce RB 211-22 engines. Rolls-Royce itself announced a loss of £18 millions for the first half of the year, chiefly provision for escalating development costs of the engine, which has run into trouble with the original carbon-fibre turbine blades. Rolls-Royce negotiated a fixed price contract with Lockheed in 1968, and now the British Government has stepped in with £12 millions in aid on top of the £17 millions already granted. The move goes against the Government's stated refusal to bail out ailing industries, but too much was involved both in prestige, and eventual dollar earnings, and penalty clauses for it to stand idly by.

The decision to grant Government aid was criticised by the Conservative fundamentalist, Mr Enoch Powell, who said he would

have let the firm go bust; all it would do would increase inflationary wage demands. Mr Heath replied to critics of his economic policy during a major speech in London, arguing that the strategy on which the Government had embarked was a long-term one. He said previous administrations had been diverted from their long-term aims by short-term difficulties.

The unofficial strike by coal miners showed signs of breaking, as a number of collieries went back to work. Lord Robens, chairman of the National Coal Board, blamed the strike action on Communists; this was denied by the miners' leaders. Lord Robens's term of office is due to expire shortly but he is expected to be reappointed, with a rise of £2,500, bringing his salary to £20,000 a year.

There was good news for the Government in the trade figures for October — a surplus of £27 millions. Exports were a record £719 millions, compared with £724 millions in September.

The Israeli Cabinet, including the Prime Minister, Mrs Meir, appeared this week to have shifted their ground in the attempts being made to break the impasse on the Middle East peace talks. Mrs Meir called in the Knesset for the creation of conditions making possible the resumption of contacts with Egypt and Jordan through the UN mediator, Dr Jarring. In Syria, the Defence Minister, Mr Hafez Assad, was firmly established in power after a bloodless coup against his civilian rivals.

The Russian author, Andrei Amalrik, was sentenced to three years in a labour camp after standing trial at the Urals city of Sverdlovsk accused of writing articles criticising Soviet domestic and foreign policy. But in Moscow there were further signs of a growing struggle for civil liberties. Three leading scientists, including Dr Andrei Sakharov, "father" of the Soviet H-bomb, formed a committee for human rights, and sent details of its aims to Western correspondents in Moscow. Mstislav Rostropovich, the cellist, openly criticised the official control over the arts and literature, and complained of a Soviet press campaign criticising the Nobel literature prize winner, Alexander Solzhenitsyn.

Archbishop soothes Moslems

by Stanley Uys in Cape Town

The Archbishop of Canterbury explained to South Africa's upset Moslem community on Tuesday that he had not meant to link Islam with Communism in remarks he made last week. Dr Ramsey had said that resumption of arms sales by Britain to South Africa might be seen by Africans as symbolising upholding Mr Vorster's regime, and might cause them to turn away from Christianity and towards other creeds "like Islam and Communism."

The Archbishop is on a three-week visit to South Africa in connection with the centenary of the autonomy of the Anglican Church in South Africa.

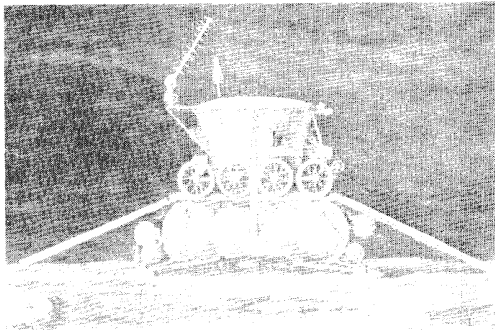
On arrival in Port Elizabeth, Dr Ramsey said he had the "friendly relations with Islam, both in

England and other places where I have been. We share with Islam a belief in God."

Dr Ramsey told reporters he had merely mentioned two things that were different from Christianity.

Questioned about allegations that the Anglican Church practised apartheid in South Africa, Dr Ramsey said that in a country where the races were separated, it was not easy for any Church to practise integration. It was his impression that the Anglican Church was doing its best to achieve integration.

Asked why clergy of different races were paid different stipends, the Archbishop said this was a difficult and complex matter, and he did not have all the facts.



An artist's impression of the crawler on the landing stage

Russia's moonrover

by Anthony Tucker

Lunokhod-1, Russia's moon crawler, this week became the first vehicle to travel across the lunar surface. It represents a technical level yet unapproached in the American moon programme.

The crawler was shown on Moscow television to be about 10ft long and 5ft wide. Power comes from batteries which are recharged by solar cells.

The Soviet space base at Baikonur is guiding it around the moon's surface by radio, but because of the inevitable delay in response time over the double journey of 240,000 miles, an automatic switch off has been incorporated should the crawler pitch or roll above pre-set angles.

It is not clear what equipment the crawler is carrying. It rolled down automatic ramps from Luna-17 two hours after touchdown at 4.37 BST on Tuesday on the Mare Imbrium.

This initial journey of about 20 yards was followed by slow manoeuvres, but included the deployment of a French-built laser reflector which will be used, as the Apollo equipment has been, for accurate measurements of lunar distance and oscillation.

Pledge on Cuban base

by Adam Raphael, Washington, November 17

Russia has assured the United States in secret talks that it has no intention of basing nuclear submarines in Cuba. Although Russian ships, including a submarine tender and rescue tugs, are still in Cienfuegos Harbour, these assurances, which are understood to have been given by the Soviet Ambassador, Mr Dobrynin, to the US Secretary of State, Mr Rogers, have satisfied the Administration.

A State Department spokesman, Mr Robert McCloskey, made no public reference to the talks in the daily correspondence briefing today but declared that the Administration was confident that "an understanding" existed.

The statement corresponded closely to one made by the Administration on Friday except that the first left out the indefinite article and referred specifically to "understanding" based on the Russian statement in Tass on October 13. This denied that Russia had any intention of building a base of "its own" at Cienfuegos.

Pentagon and State Department sources said the movements of Soviet ships near Cuba were still being closely monitored by air reconnaissance, but much of the steam appears to have gone out of the crisis today.

The Cienfuegos affair, most of which has been conducted by secret diplomacy, is likely to re-

main a mystery until one of the principal participants decides that the time is ripe for disclosures. What induced Russia to test the validity of the 1962 understanding by its construction work at Cienfuegos and the deployment of its submarine support ships is still not clear, nor is it known what pressures the US may have brought to bear to persuade the Soviets to cancel their plans — if indeed they intended to use Cuba as a refuelling base for their Y-class submarines patrolling the Caribbean.

The US Defence Department said yesterday that Russia continues to make progress on development of the MRV missile — the nuclear-tipped multiple re-entry vehicle — and it could thus be assumed that this would lead to perfection.

The spokesman said no Russian MRV tests had been carried out in the Pacific test zone recently marked out by Moscow.

Such tests would be viewed as possible stumbling blocks in the strategic arms limitation talks between the United States and the Soviet Union, in which the two Powers are striving to limit deployment of nuclear offensive and defensive weaponry.

If Washington believed Moscow had perfected a MRV, it would affect the arms balance under discussion at the Helsinki talks, defence experts said.

Bribes scandal grows

by Norman Crossland in Bonn

A political scandal that started here with allegations by a Free Democratic MP that he had been offered bribes to join the Opposition has developed into a confusion of recrimination that must surely damage the reputation of politicians generally.

The role of the MP, Herr Geldner, appears only marginally less questionable than the methods used by Right-wing supporters to persuade him to defect.

There is always the fear here that this kind of affair might tempt people to support an extremist party. My butcher said to me this week: "Just look at that lot in Bonn, engaged in some gigantic fiddle while we have to work for every pfennig." Such reactions usually benefit the extremists.

The "Stuttgarter Zeitung" said that the affair was no comic, political whodunit, but the biggest scandal in West Germany's parliamentary history. Many aspects of the story were still obscure, but it had been proved that to some people Herr Geldner's defection from the Free Democrats was worth £50,000.

Herr Geldner had gone to the lengths of announcing his switch to Herr Strauss's party, the Christian Social Union, to the Speaker of the Bundestag, and for weeks had been misleading his colleagues.

Herr Geldner, a master baker from Bavaria who has not shone as an MP, had signed a contract to work in an advisory capacity for four years — at about £12,500 a year — for a Herr Beyer, the owner of a paper mill in Westphalia. Herr Beyer was a founder member of National Liberal Action, a Right-wing offshoot of the Free Democratic Party.

It is now clear that the two men had been close friends for years. Herr Beyer is denying that he was trying to seduce Herr Geldner away from the Free Democrats. "He was going to make business contacts for me," he said. "He's not just a master baker these days, but a professional politician."

Herr Strauss, whose party comes out of the affair badly, has been trying to turn the tables. He said this week that the Christian Socialists had never offered anybody any money to defect from another party and that it had no connection with National Liberal Action. (It is well known that the chairman of NLA, Herr Zoglmann, has been having political discussions with Herr Strauss recently.)

One theory was, said Herr Strauss, that Herr Geldner had at first been seriously toying with the idea of leaving the Free Democrats, but had changed his mind at the last moment. "What's been going on here can only be described as a bit of underworld."

According to Herr Strauss, the Free Democratic Party had offered highly paid posts to persuade two Right-wing defectors, Herr Zoglmann and Herr Starke, to resign their seats instead of going over to the Opposition. They had refused. Herr Strauss alleged that the Free Democrats had wanted to replace the rebels with Members who would be loyal to the coalition Government.

Syria's secretive coup

The military wing of the ruling Ba'athist regime appears to have triumphed in Syria over its civilian rivals, and opened the door for major changes in a country held for four and a half years in the tight grip of party dictatorship.

Last week there took place what has been described as a "coup without communique No 1". This is the first broadcast which Arabs, after a coup, make to their supposedly delighted people.

But for two days the Syrian radio, true to the ultra-secretive ways of Ba'athism, had covered events far and wide, but none in Syria itself. More than one Syrian came to Beirut last weekend to find out what is going on in his country.

However, it does seem that Lieutenant-General Hafiz Al-Assad the Defence Minister and head of the military faction, has struck with unprecedented vigour against his rival Major-General Salah Jadid, assistant secretary-general of the party, and his extreme Left-wing civilian supporters.

Reports, such as they are, agree that General Jadid, with several henchmen, is in the Mezza prison, which the Ba'athists were once going to replace with a people's pleasure park.

But this is an old conflict and experienced observers hesitate to say that General Assad intends this time to oust his rival for good. He has seemed on the point of doing so, and has then retracted, many times before.

The latest round was triggered off by the civil war in Jordan or rather the dispute arising out of Syria's intervention, and, less directly, by the death of President Nasser. But these events merely

accelerated what was coming anyway.

The duality of power, with the army at odds with the party, was becoming intolerable. For three weeks an emergency session of the party leadership has been debating the problem. If General Assad had not acted himself, a powerful group of officers, wounded in their military amour-propre, might have acted without him.

For them the last straw came last week when General Jadid and his civilian henchmen bluntly

by David Hirst
in Beirut

called on General Assad and the army to toe the party line. As the army's prompt reaction showed, they were in no position to enforce this call.

How far will General Assad go? The Ba'athist regime is, in essence, a minority regime, founded on the solidarity of the sub-Shiite Moslem sect, the Alawites. They represent about nine per cent of the population, who have an historic grudge against the Sunni Moslem majority. General Assad and Jadid are Alawites. If General Assad gets rid of General Jadid, he is in danger of setting Alawite against Alawite. That is why observers believe that, even now, the two, knowing that ultimately they will stand or fall together, can reach some fresh compromise—though a compromise... General Jadid will certainly come off worse.

Both want to preserve the Alawite character of the regime. Both

have the traditional minority fear of pan-Arabism. General Assad would, if he could, end the conflict without deposing General Jadid. But if he cannot it is because their differences now outweigh their common convictions.

General Assad, out of conviction or circumstances, has always seen the need to disguise the regional character of the regime in pan-Arab apparel. Now that President Nasser, the always menacing focus of pan-Arabism, has gone, General Jadid, the rallying point of the anti-Nasserists, has lost some of his raison d'être. The more that General Assad asserts himself the readier Syria will be to follow in Egypt's footsteps.

It is not true that because General Jadid was in favour of intervention in the Jordanian civil war and General Assad was against it, General Jadid is more uncompromisingly anti-Israel than General Assad.

General Jadid wanted to intervene because, ever since he was supplanted as the Syrian strong man, he has seen the Palestinian resistance, and especially the Syrian-backed Saïqah organisation, as his main chance for rebuilding his power. General Assad is now said to be curbing Saïqah but this is less a move against the Palestinians than against his rival.

Whichever way Egypt leads General Assad will try to follow—towards peace, if Egypt leads that way, or towards war. Either way, a victory for him must be at the expense of Israel, because it means a new chance for inter-Arab collaboration—and Israel has always thrived on Arab discord.

Ring of truth about Hussein-Allon talks

by Eric Silver

Official spokesmen in Amman and Jerusalem have denied reports of a secret meeting between King Hussein and the Israeli deputy Prime Minister, Mr Yigal Allon. The balance of opinion among correspondents in Israel remains, however, that the story is true.

Reports of the meeting, said to have taken place in the desert north of the twin Israeli and Jordanian towns of Elath and Akaba, have been rife in Jerusalem for the past week.

The Israeli censors were still refusing this week to allow foreign correspondents to report what they knew or believed about the alleged meeting. Listeners in London heard Michael Elkins, the BBC correspondent in Jerusalem, deliberately defy censorship. He was joined in this by two other foreign ring journalists.

"Since the story has been published," Elkins said by telephone to the BBC, "Leading correspondents—I among them—have decided to challenge what seems to us totally unjustified censorship. The meeting between King Hussein and the Israeli deputy Prime Minister did take place. It is not the first meeting the king has had with Israeli leaders."

There have been previous reports from Israel of clandestine meetings between Israeli and Jordanian representatives since the 1967 war—in Switzerland and in Jordan (the river bridges are open and anyone with the right permit can cross the border without attracting undue attention).

If King Hussein did indeed rendezvous with Mr Allon it implies that both sides are anxious to explore the prospects of a separate accommodation between Israel and Jordan. The King would evidently feel that at this stage he could not trust the task to a subordinate. The Jordanian civil war and its attendant upheaval of loyalty are too close for such comfort.

It would also suggest that the king's intentions are serious and that he feels an unusual sense of urgency. Hussein cannot have forgotten that his grandfather, King Abdulla, was assassinated for contemplating agreement with Israel, and that his death followed a secret meeting with Mrs Golda Meir, who was smuggled into Amman disguised as an Arab woman.

The dangers would be no less now than they were when Abdulla was killed in 1951. What might have tempted Hussein is the lull in his conflict with the Palestinian guerrillas, and an appreciation for the time being at least their position is weaker than at any period since the war. The change of regimes in Cairo—and more recently in Damascus—might also have given the King a sense of having more elbow room than usual.

Whether or not the desert meeting did take place, the publicity it has now received must have put an end to any hopes of early progress. Perhaps that is why this week's denials were so categorical and so bitter.

Soya bean, has been

by Alistair Cooke, New York, November 13

After 20 years or so of keeping his ear to the ground, the Diet Conscious American got to his feet today and wished a plague on the whole medical profession.

Obediently, old DCA has gone from blackstrap molasses to cottage cheese, from metraclal to yogurt, from the drinking man's diet to high protein without alcohol. Buffeted by one dogma after another he has trusted to one certain sheet-anchor: polyunsaturated fats, because the one certified villain in the past dozen years has been cholesterol, right? Study after study, survey piled on survey, convinced us all eons ago that fatty meats, butter, carbohydrates, milk, were the surest recipe for heart disease.

Ten years ago, the clinics could hardly hold the invasion of expansive businessmen submitting to cholesterol counts and emerging with the dire resolution to avoid from then on all bacon, milk, cream and cakes and to put in a weekly order for soya bean and other vegetable oils. The rush of females was deterred only by the odd discovery that women don't have to worry about cholesterol until after the change of life.

Now 60 years after an obscure monograph demonstrated a sure relationship between the intake of fats and hardening of the arteries, the American Heart Association arrived in Atlantic City and began its annual show with a performance by Pearce and Dayton, a couple of blasphemers from the University of California at Los Angeles, who may set soya bean production back 60 years and, conversely, receive the dairy industry's next citizenship award.

These heretics have been working for eight years on 846 elderly men. Those of them who stayed with a diet low in saturated fats, and high in polyunsaturated fats, showed indeed half the incidence of heart disease found in those whose vices were versa. But they also showed double the death rate from cancer of those stick-in-the-

muds who had gone on consuming the old meat and potatoes, apple pie and ice cream, high saturated, all-American diet.

The Messrs Pearce and Dayton were alarmed and intrigued by the further finding that many of the old men who popped off with cancer had been on the polyunsaturated diet for only a few months. Post hoc propter hoc seemed to suggest that a quick retreat from bacon to soya bean was the surest path to the grave.

This announcement threw the attending heart specialists into confusion and self-defensive postures, for many of them have earned their eminence on their religious dedication to the polyunsaturated doctrine. A heart man from Massachusetts tossed off the whole thing by remarking that "these old men were soon to die, if they weren't going to die of heart disease, it had to be something else. Cancer was a logical alternative."

An expert from the National Heart and Lung Institute had done some studies, admittedly much shorter, which did not confirm the Pearce-Dayton findings. However, to spread alarm on the distaff side, a Canadian heart specialist added the news that female rats fed a diet high in polyunsaturated fats tended to show also a high incidence of cancer of the breast.

The meeting ended with a cautious retreat, by the medical director of the American Heart Association. The association, he said, had never made a big point of increasing polyunsaturated fats. The saturated fats, cut out the milk, bacon, butter, etc, but don't take on the suspect polyunsaturated.

This is quite a trick. No prizes were offered for guessing what happens to a man, young or old, who takes in no fats at all. Boredom, languor, lassitude, and coma, that's what. Well, if you don't die of heart disease or cancer, it has to be something else. Starvation is a logical alternative.

Birth control ban stays

by George Armstrong in Rome

The Pope again condemned birth control, and again created some confusion with a hedging qualification on the ban, in a speech to delegates from the 119 member nations of the United Nations' Food and Agriculture Organisation (FAO).

The miracle (in these days of press officers and speech advisers) of the multiplication of errors in interpreting a Papal pronouncement thus continues. Whatever outsiders may read into this week's speech, it is improbable that the Pope has changed his mind on birth control for Roman Catholics, or for anyone else.

The controversy which resulted from the cloudy phrasing of his 1967 encyclical, "Populorum progressio," when even the then head of FAO thought the Pope had given his go-ahead for birth control in developing countries, is not worth reliving.

The Pope said on Monday: "Certainly, in the face of the difficulties to be overcome (in solving the world's food problems), there is a great temptation to use one's authority to diminish the number of guests rather than to multiply the bread that is to be shared. We are not at all unaware of the

opinions held in international organisations which extol planned birth control which, it is believed, will bring a radical solution to the problems of developing countries.

"We must repeat this today: the Church, on her part, in every domain of human action, encourages scientific and technical progress, but always claims respect for the inviolable rights of the human person whose primary guarantors are the public authorities.

"Being firmly opposed to a birth control which, according to the just expression of Pope John XXIII, would be in accordance with 'the methods and means which are unworthy of man,' the Church calls on all those responsible to work with fearlessness and generosity for the development of the whole man and every man. This, among other effects, will undoubtedly favour a rational control of birth by couples who are capable of freely assuming their own destiny."

It could be noted that he attributed to Pope John the rejection of "a" form of birth control. The phrase "couples who are capable of freely assuming their own destiny" is the real puzzle.

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The death toll in the East Pakistan flood disaster is likely to be among the highest the world has ever known—certainly more than 40,000, possibly as much as half a million. A twenty-foot wave, blown by a cyclone in the Bay of Bengal, swept over the low-lying and densely populated islands at the mouth of the Ganges. Here KALIM SADDIQUI looks at the political obstacles in the way of flood prevention schemes.

Food, famine, and flood

A labyrinth of channels and thousands of little islands form the Ganges-Brahmaputra delta that opens into the Bay of Bengal, east of Calcutta. This watery landscape provides the millions who live there with three things—flood, food, and famine—all equally familiar.

In much of the area the land is so flat and low that the only barriers encountered by rivers are their own overloads deposited in a previous year, or the levees built by over-zealous villagers. The delta land is seldom more than 150 to 200 feet above sea level.

The sea habitually accepts the waters from the Ganges and the Brahmaputra, but on the odd occasions it rebels, turns the tables on the delta, and one tidal wave perhaps 20 or even 50 ft high destroys everything that man had managed to build with his bare hands since the last great wave.

This delta land supports 80 per cent of the 70 million people of East Pakistan, making it the world's highest density area with about 1,200 people to a square mile. Mercifully, however, only three to five million people are directly exposed to the danger from the Bay of Bengal.

But these people are among the poorest in the world, with a per capita annual income of as little as 200 rupees. (The average per capita income for Pakistan as a whole, including the more de-

veloped, richer West Pakistan, is 418 rupees, or about £30 at the high official exchange rate.)

The last tidal wave, sweeping about 15,000 people and 50,000 head of cattle out to sea, struck the same area on May 11, 1965. Most families there own a boat in much the same way as Westerners own a car—boats which capsize and sink easily. As the bodies are washed back on to land, many of the survivors are mopped up by cholera and typhoid.

The rescuers and the Government teams usually arrive too late when there is little for them to do. They find the problems of the area so daunting that—on past experience—they shrug their shoulders and go back to their air-conditioned offices in Dacca or Islamabad—until the next tidal wave.

Then the usual fashionable story is heard—“all communications have been disrupted by the cyclones.” All they can do in the meantime is fly in helicopters and aircraft, look down upon the desolation, and perhaps drop food wherever they see any remaining evidence of life. The fact is that these areas have no modern forms of communication to be disrupted. In the best conditions one often has to wait a week to catch the next boat to one of the islands.

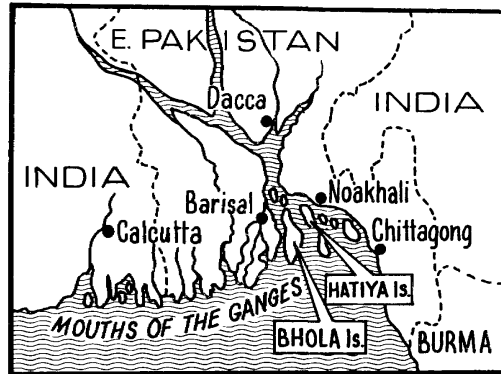
Geography, however, is not the only or the main problem of the area. Throughout history Bengal

has been the marginal land of the empires that have risen and fallen on the Indian mainland.

Bengal has always been ruled by a remote authority, and the paradox is that this authority has never been more remote than since independence in 1947. This need not have been necessarily so if local and provincial democratic governments had been allowed to develop, not disrupted by dominant groups led by the Army in West Pakistan.

Examine some of the contradictions. The British introduced jute to East Pakistan but partition left the jute mills in Calcutta. Pakistan has built huge new jute mills in East Pakistan, but the agricultural price policies pursued by the government have merely transferred the exploitation of jute growers and peasants to entrepreneurs in Dacca and Chittagong.

Much of the relative prosperity of West Pakistan, and particularly of its urban centres, has been built up on the surplus of East Pakistan's jute-based foreign trade being transferred to pay for industrialisation in the West wing. The annual transfer of resources from East to West is about 250 million rupees. The cumulative loss to the area since 1947, and in particular since the army rule began under Ayub Khan's hegemony in 1958, is stupendous.



Compared with these resources the cost of flood control measures in East Pakistan is small. The World Bank, which has been studying the problem for some years, has identified 20 multi-purpose projects that will largely eliminate the problem at an estimated cost of around \$800 millions.

Compared with what Pakistan spends on the import of foreign cars (mainly Japanese and German), refrigerators, air-conditioners, and other consumer goods, this bill takes a new perspective. Pakistan has contracted foreign loans of over \$5 billions, paying almost 20 per cent of its foreign exchange earnings in interest payments. In any case, no determined Government can be short of internal currency resources.

These may not build the kind of dams, barrages, and dikes the World Bank proposes. Yet a system of dikes based on outward islands to at least soften the blow could be achieved without any external grants. It is a failure of will more than of money.

But the World Bank cannot raise the 800 million dollars required because death and destruction on this scale is not a political issue. To settle the explosive Indo-Pakistan dispute over the Indus water, the World Bank and the Western Powers managed to make "a billion dollar investment in peace."

But there is at last some evidence that the present regime is taking the problem more seriously. In every speech that General Yahya Khan has made he has mentioned flood control as a top priority. The only action he has so far announced is: "Under my instructions the Planning Commission have already taken the initiative to mobilise foreign assistance from all friendly countries to finance this programme. I am confident the international community will not fail us in financing this programme, which is of such crucial importance to the future of East Pakistan."

But the President does not see the urgency of the problem in national terms. Mobilisation of internal resources to solve the problem, or at least make it less hazardous, does not seem to be on the regime's agenda. Yahya Khan added: "We intend to set up a Special Fund for this purpose to which contributions will be invited from friendly countries and international financial institutions and to which Pakistan itself will make a suitable contribution."

Whether or not the world community responds to Yahya Khan's appeal remains to be seen. What is certain, however, is that some more of the remaining hopes of an orderly return to civilian and democratic rule in Pakistan have been swept out to sea.

Sino-Soviet competition in Karachi

by Kalim Saddiqui

The visit of President Yahya Khan of Pakistan to Peking, which ended last Saturday, shows again the crucial position that Pakistan occupies in great power diplomatic and strategic calculations, in spite of internal instability and fears that the country may disintegrate.

Pakistan, more than most States, lives by her foreign policy and has become adept at using world conflicts to extract sustenance for her own survival. In the Eisenhower-Dulles era Pakistan became an outpost in the growth of nonalignment, when she joined SEATO and Cento in return for, as the former dictator Ayub Khan put it, "unlimited aid."

The nonaligned have not forgiven her and Pakistan was not invited to the nonaligned Summit meeting at Lusaka. Yet it is Yahya Khan who has an audience in Peking before all the rest.

In the controversy over arms for South Africa and the presumed Soviet naval threat in the Indian Ocean, Pakistan's recent military arrangements with Moscow may be causing anxiety in the West as well as in Peking.

While Pakistan is still formally an ally of the United States in SEATO, she is suspected of having

a secret defence treaty with China, and a secret agreement to let the Soviet Union develop a naval base at Gawadar, west of Karachi. In return for building the base, the Russians are expected to have facilities for servicing their vessels cruising in the Indian Ocean.

This puts Pakistan in the enviable position of being the only Afro-Asian country with simultaneous defence arrangements with China, Russia, and the US. The Pakistani army, navy, and the air force are equipped with arms and material from the three super-powers.

The US decision to lift the arms supply embargo imposed during the 1965 Indo-Pakistan war, was clear acknowledgment that the US was in danger of losing the initiative there to China and Russia. Communist supplies were large enough to replace all US equipment in the Pakistan defence services within a few years.

When the Pentagon first hinted in May that it would consider lifting the five-year-old embargo, Pakistanis reacted from a position of strength. A Foreign Office spokesman in Islamabad "welcomed" the impending change in US policy but said that Pakistan

had "diversified" sources of supplies and was no longer dependent on America. The Pentagon in the end opened its arsenal without the Pakistanis having to beg.

Another fact is that the Soviet Union is linked with Pakistan by a modern road completed in July through Afghanistan into Quetta. This road can be extended to link up with the naval base at Gawadar. For the moment, the Russians are likely to use this road link to supply stores, fuels, and food to their ships as a substitute to the long sea haul to Vladivostok. The area is so remote that it will be safe against espionage.

China, too, has its land link with Pakistan since the opening of the old "silk route" through Northern Kashmir and Tibet. This road, which is not to be compared with the modern highway the Russians have built, is being used for mule-borne trade alone. But its military and strategic potential is widely recognised. Some Chinese military aid to Pakistan is believed to have come this way.

India has protested to Russia and the US on their arms supplies to Pakistan. But neither Russia nor the US has felt able to leave each other or China a clear field.

India's stake in Pakistan's collaboration with Russia is even greater than her conflicts with Pakistan. In recent years India, too, has granted the Russians bunkering facilities in the Andaman and Nicobar Islands. Russia has also been allowed a supply depot at Visakhapatnam ostensibly to handle her naval aid to India. But geography is against India. Only Pakistan can provide a land outlet to the Russians to the warm waters of the South—a dream of all Russian rulers since Peter the Great.

If Soviet naval ambitions in the Indian Ocean area are what Britain fears them to be, the Pakistan connection is far more important for the Soviet military planners than anything India can offer. This will have its inevitable political consequences, though for the moment the Pakistanis will be satisfied with a Soviet-built steel mill at Karachi and other economic aid.

All roads on the Indo-Pakistan subcontinent ultimately lead to Kashmir. Since 1966 the Soviet Union has modified its former stand of unqualified support for India's contention that Kashmir had become an integral part of the Indian union.

Soviet diplomacy now takes a much more neutral stand in line with the Western Powers and would not be expected to use her veto in the Security Council to bail out India as she did in the 1950s.

The growing warmth of Soviet-Pakistan relations has no doubt been noted in Peking as well. That famous handshake between a Chinese and an Indian diplomat in Cairo recently may have been a Chinese way of warning Pakistan not to get any closer to the Soviet Union, or China may mend her Himalayan fences with India.

The Sino-Soviet competition for influence in Pakistan also poses a problem for the West. Before any new warmth can be put back into the West's relations with Pakistan, the Pakistanis will need to be assured that they can expect more positive help towards the solution of the Kashmir and Farrakka Barrage disputes with India.

While the Kashmir dispute remains unresolved the Pakistanis will find themselves increasingly sucked into the Communist sphere of influence just as they were into the Western umbrella in the 1950s. If this happens the Soviet naval threat in the Indian Ocean area, which is at present perhaps minimal, could grow.

Wild bunch on the bench

Adam Raphael describes the perverted justice meted out in some American courtrooms

So much is heard about the problems of crime and violence in the United States. They are analysed and agonised over to such an extent that even those most frightened switch with relief to almost any other topic. Yet little is said about the often appalling standards of justice in a society where judgeships are, more frequently than not, political plums awarded for past favours rather than on any basis of merit.

The Chicago conspiracy case was a travesty of what a trial should be, but it shocked Americans a great deal less than it might because they have grown accustomed to some very tough forms of justice.

The District of Columbia, in which Washington is situated, has one of the worst crime problems in the nation. It has also probably some of the worst judges. The DC Court of Appeals, for instance, has just published a blistering opinion criticising General Sessions Judge Edward Beard who, during the course of a narcotics trial, asked for a show of hands among courtroom spectators on the guilt or innocence of the defendant. "When

one indulges in the kind of dialogue which as here, results in calling lawyers 'butchers' and mocking a defendant at sentencing by taking a vote among courtroom spectators on whether they believe he is telling the truth, it is time for some serious reflection on past conduct and positive effort at self-control," said the Court of Appeal.

It is doubtful, however, if Judge Beard, who has been on the General Sessions bench for 17 years, will take this criticism to heart any more than the two previous occasions in the past 18 months in which he has been reprimanded for improper courtroom conduct. In one case he got furious with a young prosecutor. "This city is a desolate place," he said, leaning over the bench pointing at the young lawyer, "and it's your fault. You don't know how to try a case. You prosecute felonies as misdemeanours and some cases you don't even prosecute. If someone rapes a woman in Bethesda, they really give it to him. When was a rapist last electrocuted in the District of Columbia? You tell me."

In another case, two defendants

would be tried together on narcotics charges. One fell asleep in court and Judge Beard sentenced both to 30 days in jail for contempt. "But I'm all right," the other said. "Why me? You're guilty by association," shouted Judge Beard. "Get them out of here."

If Judge Beard was an isolated example, such conduct could possibly be laughed off as gloriously eccentric, leaving the idiosyncrasies to be reversed on appeal, but unfortunately he is not. An extremely detailed study by a practising lawyer, Mr Harvey Katz, was published by the "Washingtonian" magazine this autumn and estimated that nearly a third of the judges of the General Sessions, now to become the major district court hearing both misdemeanours and felonies, were totally unsuited to sit on the bench. Two of the worst were fortunately forced to retire this month under a new court reorganisation plan but the damage they have done in the past is enough.

Take Judge Thomas Scalliey, whose usual verdict, "the court finds him guilty—let me see his record" had rung through DC courtrooms for more than a generation. In recent years the judge had become so hard of hearing and so uncertain of what was going on that he had handed over control of his court for all practical purposes to his clerk, Charlie Driscoll, whom everyone referred to as Judge. On one famous occasion "Judge" Driscoll dispensed with 87 landlord and tenant cases while the real judge was out of the courtroom for six minutes talking on the telephone.

The judge, however, with perhaps the most notorious reputation was Judge Milton Kronheim Jr, who was also finally forced to retire this month. In the United States v. Barnes, Kronheim found the defendant not guilty of robbery and then ordered him to return the money he had "stolen" from the complaining witness. In another case recently Judge Kronheim first convicted a man for attempting to



pickpocket but then reversed himself as soon as he learnt the man had had no previous convictions. He also enjoyed using shock tactics: in a traffic case the judge convicted the defendants and then with a menacing voice bolted forward in his chair "to sentence you to death." When the defendants recovered the sentence was thoughtfully reduced to a fine.

To get the real flavour of Judge Kronheim, one has to look at a case in some detail. The transcript of *Fleming v. United States* indicates that he has little time for those who cross him in court.

Judge: "The imposition of sentence is suspended. You are placed on probation for a period of a year. All right."

Defendant's attorney: "Your Honour, I would also like to appeal the court's finding. . . I would ask the papers reflect that a motion was made to note an appeal."

Judge: "In this case?"

Attorney: "In this case, yes."

Judge: "All right. There will be a \$2,000 bond."

Attorney: "Well, you were going to suspend his sentence so I believe he will be out free today, but I would still like to appeal the finding."

Judge: "No, they don't go on probation until after the finding of the Court of Appeals. Step back."

Attorney: "Then I won't—let me make this representation. In light of that, Your Honour, I would not want to see this defendant

locked up any longer so I will not appeal the case."

Judge: "No, we can't bargain about a substantive right like that. Now step back, sir." (At this point the defendant was taken down to the cells.)

Judge: "Get him back again: will you please? (The defendant was brought back.)"

Judge: "I put him on probation only because they recommended it. It was against my better judgment. I'm going to revoke that and give him 360 days concurrently. . . let me have that probation report again. This is the fourth time he has been in trouble. I was going to give him a break, but apparently that is not possible. All right, step back. Call the next case."

The way such men as Kronheim, Beard, Scalliey, or for that matter even Carswell, whom President Nixon tried vainly to elevate to the Supreme Court, are appointed to the bench invariably is a result of political patronage. Kronheim, the son of a wealthy alcohol distributor who contributed handsomely to Truman's presidential campaign, is a fair example. When he was appointed in 1949, his only qualification for the bench was four undistinguished years spent as a lawyer for his father's business.

So long, therefore, as judicial appointments are made in this way, without regard to merit or experience, so long is the quality of justice in the United States likely to be as variable as it is often strained.

Letter from Bonn

by Norman Crossland

East is east, West is west

The other morning I had to be at Cologne/Bonn Airport early. It was barely half past six as I approached the Cologne autobahn, but there was already so much traffic about that the scurrying headlights on the labyrinth of roads below, beyond, and around me looked like a crossfire of tracer bullets. The Germans were off to work, and these were mostly Bonners, rushing out to Cologne or Düsseldorf, or deep into the Ruhr.

The scene reminded me of a conversation I had with a Polish engineer last week as we drove along the autobahn from Wroclaw in the direction of the East German border. He looked at the speedometer, smiled, and remarked that his old car began to tremble when it reached a speed of 85 kph. "But it gets there all the same," he said.

He told me that during a holiday in East Germany he had looked at West German television, and from the advertisements had a pretty good idea of the materialism of Western society. "There are certain things you can get over there, of course, that we would like to have," he said, "but really—politics apart—we don't really envy you. It seems to me that your lives are

far too frantic. What's the point of it all? You'll only die of a heart attack in the end."

Back to the reality of the road to Cologne on a rainy morning before dawn, I imagined that I could make out a fairly strong case why life in Wroclaw or Warsaw was infinitely preferable to life in Cologne or Frankfurt or Birmingham or Pittsburgh.

But then such thoughts are understandable at half past six in the morning. When I spoke to a colleague about this, he said: "I don't want to spoil your case, but the trains of Cologne don't start running at 4.30 every morning, and the West Germans don't have to take two jobs to make ends meet."

DURING the debate in the early fifties on whether the Federal Republic should have armed forces, there was a strong opposition movement in the country that became known as the "Ohne mich" (without me) brigade. Today, West Germany has not far short of half a million men under arms, but most young Germans who receive call-up papers still have to be dragged into uniform.

Twenty-four sixth-formers at a grammar school in Karlsruhe were asked recently to express their attitude towards military service. Seven of them said they didn't think the Federal Republic was worth defending, and a few members of this group said they would like to see the State in its present form abolished anyway. Five boys allowed that the country was worth defending, but considered that military action involved too great a risk of escalation into a nuclear conflict. "Better Red than dead" was their motto. The rest acknowledged military service to be the lesser evil, and declared themselves reluctantly prepared to defend their country should the circumstances demand.

It is thought that these replies may be fairly representative of the view of grammar school boys generally—an indifferent, foot-dragging majority faces a militant minority that regards refusal to do military service as a political weapon.

One headmaster said it required courage today for an army officer to lecture to a sixth form about democracy's need to defend itself. He can mostly expect to be roundly abused.

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LATIN AMERICA

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Can Latin America achieve a social revolution by peaceful means—or is the only means violent action by guerrillas? Here Guardian correspondents look at the current situation in Peru and Chile.

Ultimatum to lotus-eaters

by Christopher Roper

Nowhere in Latin America is the fire of change burning more fiercely than in Peru, where senior army officers are attempting to revolutionise the country's social and economic structure by decree.

In the course of two years, the military, headed by President Juan Velasco Alvarado, have broken the hold of foreign companies on the economy, initiated a sweeping land reform programme, and have posted an ultimatum to Peru's notoriously lotus-eating middle class that they either work for the country's development or they get out.

Apart from the professional politicians who lost their jobs, hardly anyone regrets the passing of representative democracy, largely because it was so unrepresentative and because the last Congress, which was sent packing along with President Fernando Belaúnde in 1968, was so totally corrupt and selfish in its opposition to all reform.

The army had backed Belaúnde when he was elected in 1963, and he might well have served out a full term if only he had accepted the advice of his military advisers and closed down Congress when it persisted in thwarting his plans for reforming the country's antiquated institution.

Many of the young economists, agronomists, and sociologists who gathered in hope at the court of Belaúnde quickly became disillusioned by their leader's lack of toughness.

Some drifted into academic life in Peru or abroad while others joined the revolutionary opposition

which supported guerrilla warfare in 1965. Some of these are now members of the Vanguardia Revolucionaria, which offers the principal left-wing opposition to the present military Government, but many of their former colleagues are working enthusiastically with that same Government.

Christian Democrats, the Marxist Social Progressistas, the left wing of Belaúnde's Acción Popular Party, and the Moscow-line Communists are all enthusiastically behind this unusual military dictatorship.

The Peruvian Government has been loosely described by both its friends and its enemies as "leftist" and "nationalist": leftist because it has increased the power of the State and begun to redistribute land to the peasants, and nationalist because of its refusal to obey orders from Washington.

However, both labels tend to mislead. In the first place, most of the leading figures in the Government are passionately anti-Communist and certainly do not look for popular participation in the running of the country even to the extent that Social Democrats would wish—either now or in the future. "We will organise popular support for our policies," President Velasco told a crowd in Lima last month. In fact, they often seem to be trying to run the Government as if it were just another armoured division which had to be licked into shape.

At this point, European liberals tend to sniff the breeze and say "Ha, fascism." While it is true that some of the ideas that are

current in Lima today seem to hark back 30 to 50 years to Europe in the 1920s and 1930s, it is probably an unfair label to choose. Julio Cotler, a Peruvian sociologist, said the other day there was probably a greater degree of personal and intellectual liberty in Lima today than there had ever been.

The Government is nationalist, but this label may be used to cover such a wide variety of Latin American governments as to be almost meaningless. The Peruvian military's political ideas do not seem to be vague at all, in fact they give an air of great precision, picking off their targets one by one.

However, like all good soldiers they cover their progress under a smokescreen: "We are following a new road, which is neither capitalist nor Communist, but corresponds to Peru's historical needs," is the kind of statement which is repeated ad nauseam by senior officers.

An American sociologist, James Petras, has made the most comprehensive attempt yet at defining this new road. He compares the present Peruvian situation to Germany in the second half of the nineteenth century.

"The structure of public authority is strongly influenced by military personnel or values," he says. "There is a strong drive towards industrialisation, linked to the overwhelming sense of building a strong nation. There is the same understanding that paternalistic social legislation administered by the State is necessary to head

off a Socialist revolution and create bonds of loyalty to the Government while undercutting class and populist appeals.

This is much more complicated than any label but seems worth pursuing as Petras has accounted for more successfully than other writers for the many anomalous features of the Peruvian situation. His label for Peru is Neo-Bismarckian, although he admits that there are important cultural and historical dissimilarities.

He concludes: "It is not altogether certain that the developmental and welfare policies of the authoritarian Peruvian military will have the same type of success in winning middle-class support and creating a powerful nation state that Bismarck was able to achieve. A key element will be their ability to limit social conflict and control popular demands during the period of industrialisation and economic expansion."

The Peruvian Government is clearly attempting something quite new for Latin America, which is fully deserving of the title revolutionary. It is far too early to tell whether the outcome will be good or bad for Peru. Briefly, its development strategy may be outlined as follows:

1 Break the power of foreign companies by strengthening the public sector. The Government has established control over the marketing of Peru's principal exports—fishmeal and copper—and is well on the way to controlling the banking system. Basic industries will in future be reserved for the State.

2 Strengthen the agricultural

sector by breaking up the vast estates—one was the size of Belgium—which characterised Peruvian landholdings.

3 Strengthen industry by forcing the middle class to take an active part in the process of industrialisation. This is being pursued through land reform, exchange control, Government investment in major industrial projects, and by making foreign investors operate in partnership with Peruvian capitalists.

The most important unresolved doubt concerns the army as part of the Peruvian middle class. Will the army officers, who are largely drawn from middle-class families, feel able to coerce their own class into giving up their privileged position in society in favour of some larger goal?

Army officers, who spend much of their working lives in the mountainous central area of Peru, surrounded by the desperate poverty of the rural population, understand how essential that larger goal is to the future security of the middle class.

They have fought against revolutionary guerrillas and have taken part in massacres of peasants who supported those guerrillas. They know that the only alternative to change is a bloody revolution. But it is rather as if the South African army came to a similar conclusion, overthrew the Vorster Government, and then tried to persuade their fellow white South Africans to accept material sacrifices in order to raise the standard of living of the black population.

High hopes in Allende

by Jonathan Steele

It was the most sober revolution: the night that Salvador Allende took over Chile's Presidential Palace 500,000 people filled the main boulevard of Santiago. On foot or in suicidally over-crowded buses they came in from the working-class districts, the slums, and the semi-legal "mushroom settlements" of squatters who have been seizing private land all round the city in the last few months.

In two giant streams the crowd of the whole street the crowd surged up and down. On a dozen wooded stages groups from various national companies danced, recited poems, mimed, declaimed, and sang. But in all the sea of people there was barely one policeman. Nor need there have been. There were no scuffles. There was no opposition. There were not even any drunks.

It was a strangely calm and disciplined fiesta. The people were happy enough but they were not going to go wild. By the end of the evening the touts selling the paper Allende hats were visibly desperate to be rid of their stocks. Was this the lack of exuberance that makes them call Chile the England of South America? Was it on a mass scale the feeling of unreality and disbelief that still hangs over the leaders of the Popular Unity coalition two months after their unexpected election victory?

Was it justifiable apprehension lingering on since the country's first political assassination for several decades, the murder of

the General Rene Schneider, the Commander-in-Chief of the Army, in an abortive Right-wing putsch a month ago? Or was this discipline, this sobriety, and this calm the best proof that there is no revolution in Chile?

The arrival of a Marxist coalition in power in Chile is certainly the most significant event in Latin America since Fidel Castro's triumphal descent into Havana. In one sense it could even be more than that. Government has come to power which will not just speak in the language of socialism for the masses but is actually built on representative and functioning institutions of working-class power.

Six political parties form the coalition. The trade unions are solidly behind it. Hundreds of local committees formed during the election campaign remain in existence, although their future role still has to be worked out. The number of peasant unions has shot up in the last few years from 24 to 413, largely under the inspiration of the energetic new Minister of Agriculture, Jacques Chonchol, who worked for the Christian Democrat Government but deserted to found his own party, MAPU last year.

His political swing to the Left is part of a wider current, but one which the Christian Democrats themselves encouraged. President Frei's own rhetoric attacked capitalism, and called instead for a "revolution in liberty." But, as the Unidad Popular puts it, "Frei represented reformist capitalism."

By attacking capitalism verbally but failing to change it, Frei lost both Right and Left. The party itself split. Then in this year's three-cornered election the remaining Christian Democrats were squeezed between the Right-wing ex-President Alessandri and the Popular Unity candidate, Salvador Allende.

The previous Government did not leave office with a bad record of reform. During their six years 270,000 houses were built; the number of university places more than doubled to 82,500; 150,000 people were given land; 3.4 million hectares of large estates were expropriated; the illiteracy rate went down from 16.4 per cent to 11 per cent.

But it was not enough. Unemployment remained sky high, with 350,000 out of work in a country of 10 millions. The problem of homelessness became more acute as more and more "marginal" people, in that grim phrase, started to organise in impressively united campaigns to seize unused land and defy the authorities. "Seize the land, and then power" is one of the many slogans on the walls of Santiago.

But it is not one of the most common ones. Revolutionary slogans are, indeed, conspicuous by their rarity. Occasionally you see a call for "nationalisation without compensation," but it is likely to be hand-scrawled and small. The "official" slogans are magnificently done, huge multi-coloured pop art messages, but they are safe—"Allende el Presidente del

Pueblo," or simply "Unidad Popular."

To talk with the new men is to get the same impression of caution, respectability, and moderation. These are not bearded guerrilleros just down from the mountains. The Cabinet does include four working-class members, a printer, an ex-miner, and union officials. But younger supporters of the Government complain that with one or two exceptions it is old and unexciting.

Allende is quiet, courteous, and intelligent, but has little charisma. For years he has worked hard for the Presidency, and has now assumed the dignified mask of office with consummate ease. (Whatever happened to that polo-neck sweater?) On the day of the inauguration he barely smiled as he walked through the streets from the Congress to the Cathedral. In the National Stadium two days later he finished his speech and was immediately gone, leaving the immense crowd's ovation poised in mid-air to fade into an embarrassed and heavy silence.

But in the encampments of squatters around Santiago the feeling is clear. At least the country has a good government, a government that can do something for ordinary people. Hopes are high that change is on the way, but the coalition is doing its best to dampen down any incipient feelings of impatience.

During the tense 60 days between the election and its confirmation by Congress it called

for complete restraint so as not to provoke the Army or the Right wing. Even the day of the inauguration was not a public holiday. It almost looked as though it was meant to ensure that most of his supporters would be responsibly at work when Allende himself paraded through the streets.

The result is that there is still a gulf between the Government and the governed. People are passive, but watchful. It has caused some alarm on the Left wing of the Socialist party, and among the Mereskas, the Left-wing Revolutionary Movement, where the discussion turns on the danger of a coup by the army. The bourgeoisie will not give up power without a struggle. They should prepare ourselves, they say. They would like the Committees of Popular Unity to be transformed into committees for the defence of the revolution. But the coalition, and particularly the Communists who control 80 per cent of the committees, do not want anything as potentially unstable as that.

Allende knows that his problems in nationalising the mines and the banks, in effecting a meaningful land reform, in holding off the Army, in curbing rampant inflation, and in keeping his disparate coalition together are formidable indeed. The Comrade President means well and will probably do well, but he is careful to tackle things in the careful methodical way that he knows best.

Next week: the chances of success.

BRITAIN

Guardian Weekly November 21 1970

Heath's key to revival

The Prime Minister this week gave the clearest and most unmistakable definition he has so far uttered of the principles which guide the policy of his Government. They involve the elevation of personal achievement as the source of a new economic freedom to the individual.

Mr Heath was addressing the Lord Mayor's Banquet at the Guildhall. But if the bankers, industrialists, and business men who joined with him in the Lord Mayor's hospitality were looking to the Prime Minister for a statement of Government policy to deal with inflation and the worsening economic situation, they were disappointed.

Instead, Mr Heath confined his remarks on the economy to an outline of the philosophy underlying his brand of the new Toryism. In doing so he created a new phrase: "Not just in months, but in years." Mr Heath was arguing that the strategy on which his Government had embarked was a long-term one.

He insisted that previous governments had been diverted from their long-term purposes by short-term difficulties. In contrast, his Government would hold to its course, and the results would not begin to show themselves immediately.

He said: "As individuals, we have lost sight of our duty to accept responsibility for taking a rational and long-term view of our true interests. The fact is that the practice of true individual responsibility is the key to the well-being of the community. The health and strength of a free society must be based essentially upon the achievements of the individual."

He insisted that the policies which the Government had already launched — cuts in Government expenditure and reductions in personal taxation — constituted an incomes policy of a new type. He answered those critics who are demanding the reintroduction of an old-style incomes policy by saying: "This is not less an incomes policy because it is different from, and more constructive

than, the policies which have been so described up to now. It fulfils the duty of the Government to provide the framework within which the abilities and the energies of the community as a whole can be developed to the full — protected from the encroachment of sectional interests."

He went on: "This is the course from which Her Majesty's Ministers will not be deflected. It is also the course to which our historic traditions call us. It was in freedom, not in reliance upon the State, that Britain achieved

by Ian Aitken

greatness, through individual development and through industrial expansion. It was the acceptance of personal responsibility, not dependent upon the central Government, that made this small island so dominant in the world."

But Mr Heath is clearly sensitive to the accusation that his Government, by pursuing the policies he described, is returning to traditional Tory policies intended to enrich the well-to-do and further impoverish the poor. He argued: "This is not looking back. This is looking forward to the time when we can release ourselves from the constraints which have condemned Britain to frustration and short-term expedients." And he offered a new slogan for the new Toryism: "The cry was once: 'Set the people free.' Today I say to the people: 'The freedom I yours, but yours to use right.'"

But perhaps the most astonishing feature of Mr Heath's relatively brief passage on domestic affairs was that he made no reference whatsoever to inflation, or to any of the specific economic problems facing Britain. It was clear this week that a number of Tory backbenchers are unhappy about the omission.

Most of Mr Heath's speech was devoted to a survey of foreign affairs, and a reiteration of his view that British interests have so far not been sufficiently defined

and clarified. "The time has come to establish clearly and unmistakably that British policies are determined by British interests," he said. More specifically he insisted on Britain's right to pursue its interests in making up its mind about the sale of arms to South Africa.

His arguments were largely the familiar ones. But, at the same time, he went further than usual in declaring his Government's opposition to South African apartheid policies.

It was not his purpose to encourage South Africa in these policies, or to confer a certificate of respectability on them, he said. And he added: "The views of Her Majesty's Ministers on apartheid are well known. They are not in question. We believe it to be detestable. We believe it to be damaging to all races. We believe it is doomed to inevitable failure."

But that was a moral attitude, not a policy. It was certainly not a categorical imperative against any contact with South Africans. It was not the view of the Government that apartheid would be brought to an end only by the use of force. The isolation of South Africa, far from ending apartheid, would do the opposite. Liberal forces would be best assisted by maintaining contact with the rest of the world.

Mr Heath's denunciation of apartheid seemed to be couched in even stronger terms than those he has used. But he advanced the familiar arguments about the threat to the sea routes around the Cape of Good Hope, and Britain's joint responsibility for them under the Simonstown Agreement of 1955. He insisted that under these arrangements, Britain had an obligation to supply maritime equipment to South Africa to enable her to fulfil her side of the agreement.

But he emphatically did not declare that Britain had yet made a decision to sell the disputed arms. All he would do was issue an appeal to the Commonwealth to accept Britain's right to take decisions in pursuance of British interests.

Thin end of the Red line

by Harold Jackson

Lord Robens's charge that the miners had been led out on strike by Communist agitators may have an element of truth—the miners for the party. But the implication that British industry still faces the sort of disruption which the Communists of the 1950s were able to achieve could hardly be farther from the truth. There is substantial evidence, not least from within the party itself, that the Communists have taken a beating within industry from the Marxist parties to the left of them. It is a matter of considerable heart-searching in King Street about what needs to be done to retrieve the situation.

There are 1,100 branches in the British Communist Party, and only about 220 of them are based on factories and other industrial premises. With just over 30,000 members the average size of a branch is 29 people. Obviously there are variations, but it would be unlikely to say that there are unlikely to be more than about 6,500 card-carrying industrial members in a total labour force of 25 million—that is, 0.038 per cent.

These figures are to some degree borne out by the returns from the South Midlands district of the party, which covers Oxfordshire, Berkshire, Buckinghamshire, and South Warwickshire. It is an area of skilled workers, many of them in the militant engineering industry. Yet the party has only 280 members scattered in ten branches (there is another which is moribund).

Many party members of course, achieve positions as shop stewards and therefore carry an influence beyond their apparent numbers. There were, for example, about a hundred Communist delegates at the Trades Union Congress this year. But the degree to which they can contrive industrial unrest among unwilling workers seems very restricted. The reasons are complex and have faced the party faithful with a deep dilemma which is now under fierce discussion.

The party leaders years ago decided that their most effective method to gain power would be to work within the existing political framework. They set the party, therefore, to build up an electoral machine so that more Communists could achieve office in local government. For the best part of twenty years they have plugged away at this, and it has been a disheartening struggle.

From the heady days of 1945, when they had two MPs and about 60,000 members, they have moved increasingly into political impotence. In the last general election they put up 58 candidates and lost 43 per cent of the vote they achieved in 1966. It hardly bred confidence in the strategy of the leadership.

More and more party members are calling for a reversion to their original power base on the factory floor—only to discover that much of it has atrophied in the concentration on conventional politics. One of the reasons advanced for this decline has been that the relatively small number of party activists have been unable to cope with all the work piled on them.

"Who really listens to the lowly voices soldering on at the grass roots?" asked one member, Mr Dave Waddington, recently, in the party journal. "Why the continuing low level of party activity, of participation in struggle? Why so much passivity in our ranks? Why the continual loss of membership, the inability to grow?"

None of which exactly sustains Lord Robens's apparent contention that once more our industrial troubles can be put down to King Street. What might worry him, just as it worries the Communists, is the extent to which their former role seems to have been taken over by such militant groups as the International Socialists, the Socialist Labour League, and others of the "ultra-Left."

Just how great is their influence is hard to gauge, but there certainly seems to be great appeal in their approach. A Merseyside Communist, Tony McClelland, complained:

"The attraction to ultra-Left militancy is constantly with us. Often very fine comrades, young and old, fall for the idea of short cuts, get weary of the disciplined struggle, seek the more adventurous road and inevitably end up burnt out. The dockers on Merseyside know to their cost what the ultra-Left road leads to—division, non-trade unionism, brother fighting brother."

But there are other members who argue that the only way out is to unite with the other Marxist groups against the common enemy, a move that is greeted with some hilarity by the Trotskyists and International Socialists.

The main battleground is among the young, both in the factories and in universities and colleges. The plight of the Young Communist League reflects the way the struggle is going. Its present membership is 3,452, a drop of 7 per cent on last year, but 40 per cent lower than in 1967.

The reality of industrial unrest seems to hinge much more on the general economic situation and the feeling that there is worse to come, rather than on any evident manipulation by tightly-knit groups of politically motivated men. But, if there are such groups it can hardly be claimed that the limping British Communist Party is at the head of them.

Exports cheer for Barber

by Anthony Harris

Something had to go right for the Chancellor, Mr Barber, on Monday it did — twice over. Britain's exporters delivered a thumping and largely unexpected trade surplus. And the indefatigable trade clerks at the Department of Trade and Industry (the Board of Trade, as it used to be in Mr Heath's day) did even better, and dug up some £130 millions worth of unrecorded exports.

What it all means is that Britain's visible trade has been roughly in balance for the first nine months of this year—possibly a shade better — and is now in surplus.

Take in invisible earnings, which averaged £44 millions a month in the first half of the year, and a wonderful tourist summer, and it means that we could get quite near the famous Jenkins £600 millions current account surplus again for calendar 1970. (It also means that the Jenkins surplus was understated by up to £40 millions.)

It could hardly have happened on a better day, with the Treasury just starting an uncomfortable session with the bank examiners from the International Monetary Fund. The IMF officials (perhaps we should call them I-men?) will still nag away about wage-cost infla-

tion, about which they had some harsh things to say as early as last spring, and will no doubt join the chorus of unwelcome advice to try an incomes policy; but a surplus is a surplus, and our main creditor can't blink that off.

Meanwhile, back in the Commons, Mr John Davies had the job of announcing the discovery of the missing export documents — a job slightly soured for a Conservative Minister by the fact that the Government has decided to stop this nonsense once for all by insisting on more form-filling.

It appears that what happened is that after all the fuss last autumn, when Labour was catching up on earlier under-recording (and got accused of cooking the books for its pains), exporters fell back into their old, sloppy ways in a matter of weeks, and we were back with figures understated by about 2 per cent.

Luckily, Labour did set up a checking procedure to watch for just such a possibility, but checking export forms against cargo manifests is such a labyrinthine business that the facts have only just emerged.

If the cause is obscure, the effect is startling. On Monday the Department of Trade and Industry

(not for nothing is it known in Whitehall as Dotty) announced an October surplus of £27 millions, which was good enough to cheer up the markets in foreign exchange and Government securities (but not the stock market). It was the first smile for gills brokers since Mr Barber delivered his package.

But if you take the under-recording into account, the October surplus was over £40 millions, which is good even when allowances are made for the long echoes of the dock strike (now affecting export figures more than imports). Exports reached over £760 millions on a seasonally adjusted basis (£749 millions officially recorded), which is about £85 millions better than in the second quarter of the year — the last period little touched by the strike. Imports, at £690 millions, were at most £50 millions up over the same period, after allowing for a rush of shipments ahead of the dock strike. The October surplus of £40 millions or a little more is no doubt a bit above trend, but it is hardly a freak (the figures don't add up, for statistical reasons).

Even Mr Barber's critics will forgive him if he looks a little more cheerful now.

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Madmen in authority

The disastrous debate on public expenditure and taxation and the flood of interviews published, re-interpretations attempted, and intellectual life rafts thrown in the general direction of the Government's spokesmen, especially the Prime Minister, make depressing reading.

If there had remained any sense of superiority in this country over the United States it must surely have vanished. The contrast between the firm resistance of the American voter to the blandishments and misrepresentations of Nixon contrasts sharply with our June election. The "rock-throwing radicals" were about on a par in non-existence with the "direct action to reduce prices." In this country, alas, even Professor Townsend fell for this nonsense.

If Keynes's famous dictum that "madmen in authority who hear voices in the air are usually the slaves of some delusory economist" was ever apposite, Mr Heath and his men have thoroughly vindicated it. They seem to have taken in all seriousness the nonsense of Herbert Spencer and his present-day devotees. In particular, Mr Reading, his economic adviser responsible for the famous scare statement, has successfully indoctrinated the Tory politicians.

We are back to a policy based on the conviction in classical theories that the consumer is sovereign, that free market prices will automatically bring about a continuous balance between supply and demand and harmony of interest. Any monetary menace to this perfection could, according to Keynesian fiscal manipulation, be eliminated by a slight variation of taxation through the sensitivity of the price level to the slightest change in unemployment.

The monetary mystery-mongers, on the other hand, believed that a steady but restricted increase in monetary circulation would bring about the same again at the cost of some "natural" unemployment. The financial journalists who blew up this trivial dispute into a serious disagreement about exclusive choices contributed to the confusion of the politicians.

The Conservative Ministers opted for monetary mysticism,

and for "removing the State-created fetters" from consumer and entrepreneur alike. Thus the Consumers' Council went the way of the Prices and Incomes Board.

The former was, according to the dogma, unnecessary; the latter harmful. A menacing twist was given to the inflationary spiral by accelerating the vast increases in top salaries in the Civil Service and the defence forces. This is how the repression of the public sector incomes and prices was initiated.

It was followed up by a general "incentive" for the upper bracket incomes, purchased at the cost of a slight, but embittering, net increase in overall purchasing power. The middle incomes group—those between £1,000 and £3,000 a year, with families—nevertheless came off worst from the deal, and the top income group best.

To round off the inflammatory package, the Conservative Government produced a Bill on industrial relations which is calculated to embitter unions, and their rank and file, without being effective in checking cumulative wage demands and inflation. The US experience shows this conclusively.

Finally, the Government seems to wish to enforce competition through the Monopolies Commission. Ministers apparently think that they can exert a pressure on prices through deflation, which would make the weaker go to the wall and the stronger refuse wage demands.

Hence the gratuitous smashing of the machinery of the IRC which enabled the Labour Government to reap the benefit of bankruptcies in terms of increased efficiency while avoiding the fact.

Mr Davies, whose economic "expertise" we suffered from immediately after devaluation, seems to wish to breed, at any rate, small lame ducks. His desires might be fulfilled with a vengeance. The support of aircraft, it must be said, was always excluded from the Davies touch.

They will spend on Rolls-Royce more than they got back from abolishing the IRC or from the prescription charges. But will they

Lord Balogh on the Tory attempt to get back to the Nineteenth Century

not chicken-out when it comes to others? The most faithful devotees of Tory economic policies are about to learn the lesson the hard way or sterling will be compromised.

The tragedy is that all the bombastic statements with which we have been inundated are beside the point. Unfortunately they nail the Government even more firmly into wrong policies, attitudes, and measures. Most of our problems have been caused by the profound change all over the world in the structure of industry. The increase in power of vast firms over their markets, combined with strong trade unions, has destroyed such weak balancing mechanism (mainly monetary) as the economic system possessed in the heyday of Victorian prosperity.

Even then it worked at the cost of crises, unemployment, and misery which would not now be politically acceptable. Since 1945, however, we have had no year in which wages and domestic prices have not increased.

So long as this increase was limited and did not give rise to cumulatively rising wage and income demands, this was tolerable. But it was only a question of time before inflation would become super-inflation, feeding upon itself.

Industry, which could shift the burden of the increase in wages through increased prices on to the consumer, had everything to lose by strikes and nothing to gain by resisting claims. A floating rate for the pound, or repeated devaluation, both advocated by mechanistic economists, would only hasten the catastrophe. Unfortunately, economists as well as trade union leaders firmly resist this obvious analysis of our problem. It would rob the former of their status as scientists. It would circumscribe the power of the latter.

The Labour Government, much to its credit, realised that a double pronged attack was necessary on this basic problem. It had to accelerate industrial restructuring to increase the rate at which productivity rose; and it had to restrain income demands.

It failed because prices and incomes policy was not closely and visibly linked to measures of

general social advance, so as to obtain consensus. In the end, and as a result of the unpopularity of incomes policy, it switched its attack on the hardly meaningful legal regulation of the problem of strikes.

The Tories followed this ignis fatuus. They changed from outright investment grants to tax allowances, which had been shown by Professor Neild to be ineffectual, a conclusion which has just been reaffirmed, by, of all people, a survey commissioned by the Institute of Directors.

Finally, they pledged themselves to non-intervention in wage disputes not only in the dominant private sector but even in the case of dustmen. They are making sure of leap-frogging by dividing their responsibilities for income determination in the most sensitive areas (doctors, for instance).

A general attack on the non-means-tested Welfare State rounded off the first unveiling of a comprehensive policy package.

The response was much as it could have been expected by anybody not besotted by abstract imaginings. The inflation took a dangerously accelerated turn.

Had Labour been returned to office in June its strategy would have been clear. It was essential to win a breathing space. A price stop, combined with easier money to firms hit by it, and an amicable agreement with the unions on a "norm" for wage increases would at last have solved our problem. In spite of the subsequent outbursts of Messrs Scanlon and Jones, I believe that this might have been possible.

The Conservatives have no chance to win consensus with their present policies. I believe that their "semi-Maudling" strategy has collapsed, because of timidity, before it started expansion through "greater incentives." We are back at the choice of severe deflation, the first consequence of which they are already shying away from. Devaluation under present conditions will solve nothing. It would aggravate the long-run problem.

In both cases union reaction is bound to be fierce—and here is the danger. If Heath cannot stop the unions Mr Powell might.

by William Davis

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Resting in peace

Negro humour is in rather short supply in the United States, but I would like to tell you a story I heard in South Carolina a couple of weeks ago.

It's about an African who was resting under a coconut tree when he was addressed by a passing Englishman. "What," asked the Englishman, "are you doing for yourself, just idly sitting there? Why don't you get busy and develop your fields, those mines, and build cities?"

"What for?" the African asked. "To establish commerce," the Englishman replied.

"Commerce for what?"

"So you can make lots of money."

"What good is money?"

"Money will bring you leisure."

"What will I do with leisure?"

"Then you can rest."

"But why do all that," asked the African, "when I'm resting now?"

I'm not sure whether you ought to show this story to Ted Heath, because it would probably upset him. His whole strategy, after all, is based on the belief that, given a little encouragement to make

more money, everyone is going to work harder than ever before.

It's an attractive theory, but I have always suspected that it is a more effective political slogan than an economic weapon.

This is partly because there are a lot of people in Britain who feel like that African. In other, more successful, countries there is a great debate right now about "the quality of life." Success brings dangers, and both in America and Japan this year people have told me how envious they are of our more leisurely way of life. It is an aspect rarely stressed by hard-pressed politicians in search of economic solutions.

The majority of people work to live. A minority live to work. It's a fact of life which has exasperated many an employer and it's fashionable to regard it as a vice. But is it? I'm a compulsive worker myself, and I'm not at all sure.

Sixpence off the income tax merely restores the position as it was when the Tories left office in 1964. And how much does it really count in a situation where, as one of Mr Heath's Ministers, told

Parliament this week, another threepence was knocked off the value of the pound in our pockets between the June general election and mid-September?

I don't blame the Tories for adopting the "incentives" slogan back in 1964. It appeals to human greed, and it fits in with Tory philosophy.

I am not just saying this because I recognise the appeal of leisure. There is more to it than that. I am saying it also because there is no evidence, either here or in America, that tax cuts alone lead to a really significant change in attitude towards work. They stimulate spending, but do not necessarily stimulate effort.

One economic research organisation found that, on the contrary, really ambitious people work harder under high taxation. They are determined to get the things they want, and if it takes more effort to acquire the necessary spending money they will do their best.

Experience also shows that, as far as industry is concerned, the

general economic outlook and the availability of credit can be at least as important as tax considerations.

Mr Heath has already tightened the credit squeeze. If he now pushes the country into a serious recession in order to deal with wage inflation, as some people advise him to do, he may find his incentives argument even more seriously weakened.

Management experts will tell you that, in the case of individuals, "job satisfaction" is often more important than marginal differences in financial rewards. Prestige, power, security, honours—all these are far more potent influences than Mr Heath seems prepared to acknowledge. If it were not so, many of our leading industrialists would either retire, or move to another country.

I am glad the Government has announced an early cut in personal taxation. It was, I know, Roy Jenkins's dearest wish to be able to do the same sometime during the seventies. But I think Mr Heath is very wrong to present it as some sort of miracle cure.

What makes 'Sun' burn?

Peter Fiddick ponders the
success of a tabloid

It is not usual for newspapers to take much public notice of each other. Such admission of one sheet's existence as does take place these days is usually confined to academic professional discussions, or the occasional more public jeremiads of some proprietor or other apparently bent on talking his rivals out of business.

Rest assured, therefore, that if we are about to break the convention of silence, we shall also ignore the precedents of gloom. This week saw the first birthday of Mr Rupert Murdoch's "Sun" and we are here to wish it a happy one.

It certainly has something to celebrate. The circulation it took over last year from the ailing successor to the "Herald" (which some will doubtless remember more or less fondly) was no more than 800,000. This week the new "Sun" is heading for 1.8 millions. Back in the summer, before a distribution dispute wreaked havoc with all trends, the optimists of Bouverie Street had been hoping to hit the two million for their birthday treat. Now they are talking about Christmas.

No one in his right mind would pretend to have a tidy explanation for the "Sun's" success, though a lot of people try. People buy newspapers for a host of different reasons, from horse racing to murder, and when you are dealing with the sort of numbers involved in the mass circulation field all you can do is to see whether you are winning or losing and guess why.

Take sex. There are those who will tell you — and did so with much hollering of "yellow press" when the "Sun" started — that the secret of its success was a solid step back to the sort of sexualism exploited by (conveniently) the "News of the World," its new parent. Well, it's certainly sexy. October brought a week-long serialisation of one lurid sexual manual — "The Sensuous Woman" — bowdlerised as only a right-minded newspaper knows how. Now birthday week offers "The Modern Mating Game," an American opus on how to take the guesswork out of pick-ups, decorated by a hairy tumbled lad and equally nude bird face to face.

All very racy, of course, but — even with nipples — is it really worth a million readers? The answer is certainly more complicated and equally certainly not something to take a high moral tone about. The full answer includes the success of a paper's tipsters relative to the rest, the amount of space it devotes to television, how much women like it, and whether people like its sports writers. The "Sun" chose to open new life with a curious sort of racing "scoop" about doping taking the front page, a decision

greeted with considerable amazement at the time. But when you know the dip a popular newspaper's circulation takes almost automatically every autumn (when racing switches from the Flat to the less attractive "sticks") you can find a sort of logic in making a big noise in that area.

Then, of course, there is politics. The general election, at ever-polarised political attitudes in the press. Both the popular broadsheets, "Express" and "Mail," took off sharply to the Right. Of the tabloids, the "Sketch" followed them. The "Mirror" had tempered its traditional Labourite stance by not following the party's switch back to opposing strike legislation.

The "Sun," however, seems to be getting more thoroughly radical as time goes on. This is not just in its leaders but also in extended coverage of subjects such as poverty and council housing; "Hands off the Health Service"; its views are often expressed with a panache (not to say vulgarity) which the others have over the years drifted away from.

It can lead them to excesses like last Saturday's full-front-page raspberry to Jerry Rubin, celebrating that hate-figure's departure under the screaming headline, inches high: "Yippee! They've got the boot," followed by the "The Sun says: Good riddance." But less fashionable subjects get similar treatment once the paper decides what to say.

The sociology of newspapers, however, is a race without winners. Any journalist knows how particular subjects or treatments get into a newspaper on totally non-ideological grounds — such as who happened to be in the office the night someone got the idea, or who wins the fight in the daily conference, or whether a featured writer has, for once, a particular bee in his bonnet. It is my impression that such vagaries are more likely to have a significant effect on a tabloid newspaper simply because there are fewer ideas to the page; once the idea goes in, the big-bang theory takes over.

At the extreme, this gives rise to happenings like the curious case of October 6, when the Government's anti-strike Bill was published. "Sun" readers in the Hebribes might have read a leading article on Page 2 opposing the legislation. Readers of later editions, having read the main story on Page 4, found themselves directed to Page 2 to find what "The Sun Says." But what they found there was a (totally laudable) plea to readers to help find over-80s entitled to pensions and get them registered.

Senior executives at the "Sun" stoutly deny that the change was made because "Someone High Up" disliked the first version's sentiments. Outsiders, and Mr Murdoch's lowlier employees,

smile politely, smell fish, and pass on to the highly pictorial topless dancers on Page 3. Older organisations have better screening systems. The "Sun" has not come out in favour of legislation.

But though the intricacies of politics and the press obsess some (mostly politicians), their relevance in the context of the readership changes which the past year has seen must be minimal. The fact of the election makes this clear: if Right-wing newspapers lose readers while a massive swing in the country is putting back a Conservative Government, politics can scarcely be a factor. And this is precisely what has happened.

Audited circulation figures are available only up to June, and current figures are held very close to the chest, so one can only guess at the present situation. The feeling in the distributive trade, however, seems to be that the million new readers for the new "Sun" can be accounted for quite closely by corresponding losses in the four other popular newspapers: three of them Right wing. If you take it that the "Mirror" — with nearly five million readers a year ago — had most lost to those who bought it just because they didn't much fancy the alternatives, then they could have lost anything up to half the "Sun's" gain. The other three share the rest.

So where does popular publishing stand one year after the dawn? At a crossroads. I said this birthday greeting would scotch gloom, but it must only be stating the obvious to point out that if the "Sketch" is slipping towards 750,000 its proprietors must be less happy than ever before, especially if its sister, the "Mail," has been trimmed too.

The "Mirror" is perhaps in a different position from the others through very weight of numbers, though if the "Sun" ever got itself above two million and the "Mirror" below four million the crucial equation of costs against revenue against advertising rates might take on a very different look.

Certainly the men at IPC will be watching this more closely than the statement from their old chairman, Mr Cecil King, with which their rivals are said to be ready to regale us: to the effect that the "Sun" is being run the way Mr King would have run the "Mirror."

But after all, what sort of newspaper is this compendium of birds, politics, concern, frivolity, sex, serials, and sport? One year old, it is not the newspaper it was six months ago, nor yet the one it will be in six months' time. For journalists, publishers, readers, pundits, alike, it has — merely by existing — upset a few theories of what you can do, what you cannot do, and what works. Its second birthday could be celebrated in a very changed world.



Race challenge on £10 passages

by Charles Stokes

The Race Relations Board has officially asked the Australian Government to reconsider its policy of refusing £10 assisted passages to people from Britain who are of non-European origin. It has also specifically asked for an assisted passage for Mr Jan Augustine Allen, aged 36, his French-born wife, and their three young children. Mr Allen is Jamaican-born although a British citizen.

The board's request was passed to the Australian High Commissioner in London, Sir Alexander Downer by the Foreign and Commonwealth Office. It is being discussed by the Australian Minister for Immigration, Mr Philip Lynch, who will prepare a report for his Prime Minister, Mr John Gorton, and the Federal Cabinet. Neither the board nor Australia House would comment this week. An Australia House official said: "This is a policy matter which has to be decided in Canberra."

Australian immigration department sources in Canberra regard the board's challenge as being likely to open up a crucial political controversy in Australia. They said the whole question had stemmed from press reports in July which revealed that Australia was discriminating because of colour. Mr Jan Allen and his family later complained to the "Observer" that they had been refused assisted passages because he was black.

But Australia House still insists that Mr Allen only applied for permission to enter Australia. In

spite of his colour, he was given permission because he was a computer engineer, and his special skill was needed. But Australia has insisted that she did not at the same time have to give them assisted passages.

A Melbourne lawyer, Mr David Waxman, has opened a fund to pay for the Allen's fares.

The board and its legal advisers are believed to have based their action on Section 2 of the Race Relations Act, which says it is illegal to discriminate in goods, facilities, and services.

The discrimination is more relevant to the British Government than might at first be apparent, because it pays £150,000 a year towards the assisted passage scheme. Pressure could well be put on the Government not to renew this agreement when it expires in 1972 on the grounds that Australia is scoring a British Act of Parliament.

Judging from his most recent statements, Mr Gorton is unlikely to favour much further relaxation of the White Australia policy. In Sydney last month he said it would be "immoral" to create racial tensions in Australia, which would follow any sizeable influx of coloured immigrants.

"But there is a difficult moral problem on which, in the fullness of time, it will be for those who are now young Liberals, and young Australians generally, to decide. As for me, I make it clear that I am not going to change our present liberalised policy in any way."

Pro-Market MP wants referendum

by our own reporter

The case for a referendum on Britain's entry into the Common Market is immensely powerful, if not overwhelming, Mr Anthony Wedgwood Benn stated in a letter to his constituents released at the weekend. "If people are not to participate in this decision, no one will ever take participation seriously again," he writes.

Mr Wedgwood Benn is the first leading politician from either major party to espouse firmly the idea of a referendum on Common Market entry. He is also the first prominent pro-marketeer to favour a referendum because they believe it would go against entry.

"What is being created," Mr Wedgwood Benn writes, "is not just a Customs union, but a political unit. Slowly but surely the pressures are building up to create a federal political structure."

"The political implications of entry have been played down and anyone who asks questions about it is always told that it would have to be decided later and Britain would by then, be a member of the Community, and would have a say in the decision."

"But this really is to fudge the issue. It is inconceivable that Britain with its strong parliamentary tradition would allow a bureaucratic commission in Brussels to reach central decisions about economic policy without being subject to broad democratic control by an elected Assembly. Certainly no Socialist could accept anything less."

But the "key question," he says, is: How are we to decide whether we want to join? "Up to now it

has been assumed that, like every other treaty, the decision would be after a parliamentary vote. But this is not the same as any other treaty. It is an irreversible decision which would transfer certain sovereign powers now exercised by the British Parliament to the EEC. Parliament would then be obliged to carry through those changes in its law that were necessary to implement Community policy and the Courts would have to uphold and enforce Community law in Britain. Thus a Government that signed the Treaty of Rome would be binding on all succeeding Parliaments for all time and these decisions could not be changed even if that Government was later defeated in a general election."

He argues that a general election fought on British entry would "not be a good way of reaching such an important decision." If both parties were in favour, there would be no choice. If one was opposed, voting would be distorted by party loyalties.

A bill to allow a referendum on the Common Market could easily be introduced and passed in Parliament, he says. Because of the unique nature of the Common Market issue, it would not lead, as is sometimes argued, to a referendum on all kinds of other issues.

"If Britain really is to play a useful part in Europe, and to accept the inevitably difficult process of transition, it must have decided consciously that it wants to enter. Nothing would be more likely to lead to trouble than the feeling that we had been led into Europe by leaders who didn't trust the public to make their views known on it."

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BRITAIN IN FOCUS

by DENNIS JOHNSON

Time for a change

When a friend of mine read at the weekend that the Government was proposing to introduce "open ended" drinking hours, so that we can behave like real members of the Common Market, he reacted instead like the true son of a feather-bedding Welfare State. "That's no good," he said, with a hint of anxiety, "we shan't know when to go home."

Britain still is not a nation of sophisticated, cultured, and care-free drinkers. Sit your average clock-watching British tourist at a table outside a French bar late at night and he will be a study in discomfort, worrying about the number of francs he will have to spend on another drink to enjoy the "open ended" system, worrying about whether he will be locked out of his pension, worrying about his delicious sense of witness at boozing publicly and in full view of the children as the clock nears midnight, and worrying, deep down, whether much more of this would turn him into a hopeless alcoholic. We are the prisoners of our long standing Puritanism, and in spite of our protests about stop-watch landlords and officious policemen, we rest secure in our protective framework of restrictions, testing them now and again to make sure they will prop us up.

Do we want to be a nation of "civilised drinkers"? The British Tourist Association, which is said to be behind the Government's move, has no doubt that we do. The BTA's initiative portend: "The BTA's initiative has been welcomed by the Home Office. And indeed the whole Government sees reform, including a much freer granting of drinks licences to shops, cafes, and restaurants, as the best way to promote competition in the brewing industry and the licence trade. As one Cabinet Minister puts it privately, the reforms will be 'comprehensive and tough' and will prove popular with the public."

It is much too early to assess who will be for and who against. Certainly, the Council on Alcoholism, which estimates that Britain

may be losing £300 millions a year because of the effects of drink on health, production, and the Welfare State, cannot be expected to enthuse. Nor, it seems, can the licence trade, which complains angrily about the amount of taxation which reduces its profit and argues that there is not enough money in pubs for unrestricted opening and a leisurely Continental habit of sitting around with a glass of cheap wine. Even the brewers, who have traditionally been regarded as the Conservative Party's private Mafia, must be now beginning to wonder whether their loyalty has been long misplaced. Though the Anglicans must be assumed to be doubtful until they declare themselves, the non-conformist churches can safely be placed among the enemies of a free-drinking society.

All these, however, are parties with a vested interest in restrictions of one kind or another. What manner of man is the "consumer," whose children are apparently to be allowed to watch him at his tippie? Although the BTA clearly has in mind the frustrating effect of licensing hours on foreign visitors, it is as well for the Government to understand the fundamental importance for a native of what it proposes to do. Drinking in Britain, though it evolves in style, conforms to a universal pattern which is itself part of a long established way of life. To

This need not be necessarily a bad thing. There is, for example, good reason to believe that city gents linger in the pub so long at lunchtime only because they know their freedom is within official limits. Many an extra pint is bought at ten minutes to three because it is bound to be the last, and no one bears the responsibility of cutting the session short. When the Glasgow pubs used to close at 9.30pm they were invariably full to the last second, not of people engrossed in compelling conversation but of drinkers swallowing as much as they could in the

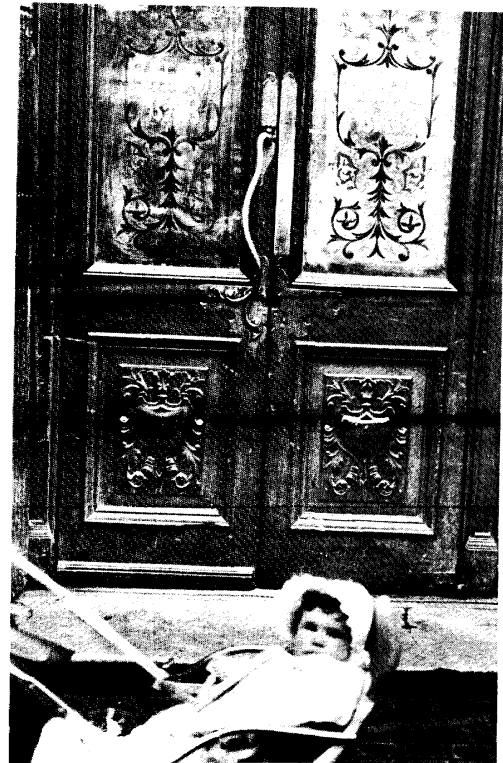
comforting knowledge that, late as it was, it was only as late as the law would allow. Even when the hours were extended, there was always the final, reassuring call of "time" the flashing of lights, the sudden clearing of empties and the sight of a fatherly, scar-faced barman standing meaningfully at the street door like the sentinel of an ordered society.

But the Government is not merely asking the people to throw away their crutches. Open ended drinking could alter the structure of the British weekend. For countless fathers the outline is sharply enough defined to remove the need for decision — Saturday: shopping with wife; pub; lunch; football; pub; tea; pub; Sunday: reading papers; washing car; pub; lunch; snoozing or gardening; tea; pub.

For their families, the arrangement has the advantage of at least regularity. In future, with licensing hours removed, not only will every activity be the subject of a conscious decision, but wives may take a fancy to a glass of Scotch in The Grapes at four o'clock in the afternoon, children to playing on the newly installed rocking horse in the tap room, fathers to dropping in for a quickie mid-morning instead of buying the potatoes, thus causing the entire family to miss its lunch and join him for an expensive round in the pub's new family room.

The British come in slightly ill at ease with drink. For thousands of people, a pub is still a faintly naughty place, and the beer tastes better for being drunk within its ambient. Pubs were lighted windows on street corners, the last refuges for those who found the industrial towns of the 19th century too intolerable. They were sinful places in the eyes of Liberal England, the haunts of tipsters and wastrels, and the term "public house" continues to have a pejorative ring.

We are not yet family drinkers except at our worldliest levels. Our pubs are necessarily con-



fronted places, defences against the climate. Only for a few weeks in the summer can we spill out of a country pub and sit with the children in the sunshine. The result is that the brewers have built even bigger, brassier, and more seductive concrete enclosures with bigger and more profitable "drinking areas," filled with tables just big enough for glasses. At weekends, particularly in the country pubs where families might be expected to go, the crowds are so great that a child would be trampled under foot. Yet someone had to make us grow up. To be trusted not to drink from morning until night, starve our fami-

lies, and ruin our health, that will be some progress, to be able to take the kids into a comfortable bar or restaurant for a sandwich instead of rushing out to them with trays full of Coke.

Coming home from the West country in the summer, I asked a landlord if it would be possible for my wife and I to take the children into a "back room." He said it would, and we were escorted in like fugitives, sat behind a closed door, served swiftly with sandwiches, and ushered out again. Any law which removes absurdities of that kind must be good, whether the English pub is ever the same again or not.

MISCELLANY

What prompted Her Majesty's stern and Tory Government to bail out Rolls-Royce? Well, of course, it would have been a bit like pawning the crown jewels to let Rolls go bankrupt. And, of course, the company is still a great and potential dollar earner. But the word in the upper reaches of Westminster is that the decision was neither so sentimental nor so vague.

As much as anything, it seems, "cancellation clauses" tipped the balance. Rolls-Royce was contracted to sell engines at a fixed price for the American airbus planned by Lockheed. If Rolls had been allowed to fold, it would have cost the balance of payments millions of dollars in compensation.

But that is only half the story. Lockheed is in as shaky a state as dear old Rolls. Washington is faced with the same kind of dilemma as Whitehall. Should the stern and Republican American Administration bail out Lockheed? Probably yes, but maybe not. If not, there will, of course, be a little matter of cancellation clauses with

Rolls-Royce. No one is saying how many dollars would flow eastwards across the Atlantic, but the engine contract could be worth as much as £20 millions.

Destinations

Exit Des Wilson, the Ralph Nader of Britain. The retiring director of Shelter, the campaign for the homeless, has abandoned his idea for a consumers' defence corps that would have filled part of the gap left by the lamented Consumer Council (doubly lamented by Des, who was supposed to run the council from the end of January).

Wilson says he could have raised the £30,000 a year he wanted to get a small unit off the ground, but there would have been too many strings attached. "The cash would have had to come from business and industry, but you can't protect the consumer from business and industry using their own money."

Enter, presumably then, Des Wilson, campaigning journalist and broadcaster. Wilson says he is not looking for another job in the

charity game. Nor is he likely to launch himself into another branch of community action. If he'd wanted that, he could have stayed with Shelter. Which leaves the offers he's known to have had from press and television. Welcome even farther aboard.

Hang up

Another poser for Edward Heath, man of culture. On November 27, Christie's is selling a masterpiece by Velasquez, a portrait of his part-Moorish assistant, Juan De Pareja, painted in 1649. Experts expect it to make the highest sum ever paid for a painting at auction. The record stands at £321,400 paid in 1961 for Rembrandt's "Aristotle contemplating the Bust of Homer."

The Velasquez has been in Britain since at least 1801, when Christie's sold it for 39 guineas. It is on the list of works of art for which an export licence will be refused. But in the contemplated price range, who can bid? Who but Americans? It looks as if the

Treasury will have to step in. But what of HMG's tightened purse strings, not to say stern individualism and market forces?

Marking time

Last week saw the publication of Report No 158 from the Prices and Incomes Board — the fifth in a series of reports on pay in the armed forces. A relatively innocuous document, about the separation allowance for troops away from their spouses.

But where is PIB Report No 157, the fourth in the series on Services' pay? On the desks of several Ministers, where it has been lying since October 15 — three weeks, that is, before the fifth report was submitted to the Government. It was scheduled for publication last month but wasn't.

Why not? Because the fourth report recommends a 30 per cent pay increase for senior officers: bumping-up a Field-Marshal from around £10,500 to £14,000, and a General from £9,500 to £12,500.

Not the right time of year to be putting out such inflationary and inflammatory material.

Vapour trails

Into Europe — at a price. Last week the world's airlines announced increases in transatlantic fares, but said they would leave European and other increases until later this month when there is another gathering of one of the world's most powerful employers' organisations, the International Air Transport Association.

Proper enough, but check the small print. In fact, lots of European fares were quietly inflated on November 1. Among them fares from Britain to Belgium, Holland, Germany, France, and Ireland — all up by 7½ per cent. There has been no public announcement, and the airlines will not seek the necessary Government permission until next week's IATA meeting in Geneva, which will endorse these and other increases. Meanwhile, the passenger pays.

Why Rolls was spared

A tide in our affairs

The October trade figures provide a silver lining for otherwise grey economic clouds. The healthy trade and payments surplus is not unexpected. The slower rate of growth of imports reflects the shift of international terms of trade in Britain's favour. We have to pay less to the developing countries for imports of many raw materials and primary products because their prices are falling. The level of exports is still swollen by the backlog of the dock strike last summer. While this will not last, there is no evidence to suggest that the dock strike caused any permanent loss of export business.

The most significant help in the continued growth of exports has been the international nature of inflation. Although part of the advantage held by British exporters immediately after devaluation has been eroded, enough remains still remains—thanks to rising costs abroad—to enable British firms to compete in key export markets. Two dangerous trends could reverse this. Obviously the favourable export price margin will disappear if Britain continues to lead the league table of inflation among the main industrial nations. Equally, exports will be dealt a damaging blow if President Nixon ratifies the import protection measures passed by Congress, and if at the same time anti-inflationary measures taken in West Germany reduce the remarkable appetite for imports of that country.

However the figures are qualified, the fact remains that the Government has as good an external trade background as it could wish for in tackling rising cost inflation at home. It opens up a further strategic option in dealing with the well-rehearsed dual of statutory wage freeze or further deliberate deflation. In Conservative circles a policy of growth is particularly associated with the Chancellorship of Mr. Macmillan. But he had to operate with a less favourable balance of payments, and subsequently the Labour Government lost its nerve in facing the payments deficit.

There are bound to be risks in going for higher growth. But there are still less risks in a policy of engineered economic stagnation. Deflation, unless it is truly massive and creates a serious unemployment problem, does not threaten the thirty, unless cost inflation. On the other hand, it may contribute to the containment and uplift of industry and in the longer term to higher productivity. If a Government with the present payments surplus cannot find the resolve to break free of the deflationary self-perpetuating cycle of low growth and escalating cost inflation, it is most unlikely to do so under worse conditions. After another year or 18 months of stagnation we may have frittered away the surplus.

Industrial first aid

Eighty-nine million pounds is a lot of money to pay for a pair of industrial cutters. No doubt it is more well spent in the case of Rolls-Royce, but it does put a small complexion on the tough sounding policy of non-interference outlined by Mr. John Davies. He has told the Conservative party conference and the House of Commons that in future "some checks" in industry would have to walk unaided. However, he was careful to note, in an aside, that there would have to be exceptions. But if the exceptions are

all on the scale of the Rolls-Royce operation, the rule will come to look less credible.

The truth is that there is no other practical alternative to selective intervention for a Government responsible for a modern mixed economy. Contrary to the doctrine preached by Mr. Enoch Powell, and echoed at times by Mr. Heath and his colleagues, unfettered market forces cannot be relied on to sort out the winners and the losers in industry. For a start there is no really unfettered market anywhere today. Rolls-Royce, for example, is in competition with the large American aero-engine companies who get massive US Government subsidies given in the guise of grants towards research and development costs for military projects.

In today's world the future lies with those who have technological advantage. But technological advantage cannot be purchased cheaply. It is a risky business, particularly in a period when accelerating inflation makes nonsense of fixed price contracts. But with aero-engines, as with computers and other technologically "intensive" industries, every advance produces a spin-off for other industries.

The money spent on researching better jet engines rebounds to the advantage of a dozen subsidiary industries. But to country today, least of all Britain, can afford to back every industry in the hope they will prove winners. There has to be selection to determine where the risks are to be taken, where the money is to be spent, and where the industrial safety-net will be erected. The market alone cannot make those decisions. Government has to, if only because it is the only dealer which is needed in cases like Rolls-Royce. This may conflict with the doctrine of non-Government, but the pressures on real Governments, whether Labour or Tory, make State involvement unavoidable.

At present political theory has not caught up with industrial realities. Mr. Davies has given the money to Rolls-Royce and will do so, no doubt, in the Cabinet decisions that are other than industrial reality. The public is not to be asked to fund the Government should reveal what criteria in future it will apply to industrial first aid. There will be cases like Harland and Wolff in Belfast where the Government must be unlikely to let the yard go to the wall because of the social and political situation in Northern Ireland. There will be other cases where social welfare payments and triumph over commercial logic. But not where industries will sit in this category. Which industries will be taken back to potential technology leaders?

DEKSHINE: A fishbowl, completely uprooted during a recent gale, and a stone lion from an ash support all at the same time, have both kept me busy with saw and axe, and the wretched fact, though still green, bears bright and clear, and especially when mingled with dead and lustrous, other, meale, and blackish. But though the wood fire commiserate several small fish, and some in my hands, I have some split blocks of a wood turned tooth-handles from this "fisher". That I turn like these and burn like a candle. The latter part of this lecture is being demonstrated in a watermelon.

And what control or supervision will the tax-payer have when parting with his money to private industry? In a nationalised industry Government can vet the purposes to which public money is put. If we are not to create a privileged caste of publicly subsidised businessmen, the tax-payer will have to put some conditions on the begging bowl.

How not to end a war

A telephone call from the White House to the stage door of a London theatre, the Prime Minister's private secretary having to break through throngs of speculators at Eton to deliver an urgent message from phone held out of the window at Chequer, so that the White House could hear Mr. Koyagin's police escort "revving" their motor cycles ready for his departure—all this and a lot more is unfolded in Mr. Chester Cooper's book "The Last Crusade", published last week in the United States but not yet available here. One episode is reported by Adam Rapheal on page 13.

It makes dramatic reading. It also adds much to what was known of the Koyagin-Wilson attempt to mediate over Vietnam in February, 1967. The account is still incomplete. Mr. Wilson's own memoirs will tell us more; and he eventually will tell us Chi Minh's, if they are ever published. History written by the participants is notoriously partial, and Mr. Chester Cooper must some things have already been published in Hanoi. But his account is still both fascinating and illuminating.

It shows that the Wilson-Koyagin attempt to stop the war was serious. It shows that, as some of us guessed at the time, Washington mishandled it badly. And since it all happened during the Tet truce of 1967 it costs a still more dead and ironic light on the Tet offensive of 1968. That, coming just one year after the abortive peace talks in London, finally gave President Johnson that the US could not win in Vietnam. It also proved to be the last of the "final victory" that they hoped of the White House. It ultimately took both sides to the negotiating table, and it ended the bombing of North Vietnam.

In February, 1967, the issue hanging over the White House was whether they could agree on terms for talking. There was a bombing stoppage in the first Washington summit. That meant that infiltration to the South had ceased or would cease. Mr. Wilson and Mr. Koyagin—at the British Prime

Minister's instigation—tried to act like lawyers finding an "out of court settlement" between their clients. Neither mind at the time that President Johnson had addressed a secret letter direct to Ho, hinting at possible terms. Mr. Chester Cooper himself, although acting as the President's special envoy to London, knew only that the letter was being prepared. Even in his book (as published in the "Washington Post") he still does not grasp that the letter was actually sent in the middle of this episode. In fact, the President's reply says that he did not receive it until February 10. By then Washington had already poured cold water on the terms of the extended Tet pause. The President's letter was delivered via Moscow on February 8, when Mr. Koyagin was already in London. Ho's reply says that he did not receive it until February 10. By then Washington had already poured cold water on the terms of the extended Tet pause.

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TERRY COLEMAN talks to Britain's next Ambassador to Washington

Cromer's credit cards

George Rowland Stanley Baring, third Earl of Cromer, who has just been appointed the next British Ambassador to Washington, will not be the first of his family to be sent to America to act diplomatically. Alexander Baring, his great grandfather's brother, went to Washington in 1842 to negotiate the boundary between the United States and Canada, and is said to have "spread a social charm over Washington, and filled everybody with friendly feelings towards England."

Lord Cromer has lots of aristocratic connections, English and American. One grandfather was Consul-General of Egypt, and the other Viceroy of India. His father was Lord Chamberlain, and declined the office of Governor-General of Canada. Lord Cromer is chairman of Baring Bros, merchant bankers in the City of London since the eighteenth century, and also of the English side of IBM. His own godfather was George V; the godfather of one of his sons was J. P. Morgan II.

As a page of honour, he handed the princesses Elizabeth and Margaret their coronets at the Coronation of 1937. Later, from 1961 to 1966, he was Governor of the Bank of England, where he sat not at a desk but at an Adam table, and was said by many to have saved the pound, and by Mr Wilson to have preached him "familiar sermons" about inflation.

Lord Cromer is very amiable, and amenable to questions. Doesn't he think it hard on the professional diplomats that he is the second consecutive outsider to be given Washington? He says that when he was approached, two or three weeks ago, that was the first question he asked himself. He decided it was by no means untoward. An old diplomat, long retired, whom he met at a Chatham House dinner told him that in his day as many as five of the top posts were held by outsiders. Of course, said Lord Cromer, not being in the service he did not know who might have expected Washington.

How long had he known Mr Heath?—Fifteen years, but he did not remember the first meeting as any great event.

Did he know Mr Nixon?—Yes, but he did not want to claim anything like a Harlech-Kennedy relationship.

At what age did he first realise that he was a Baring? When he came to work at the Bank at the age of 20, in the postal department.

But surely he must have realised before then that he was not as other little boys were? He does not seem to have done; he said his was not a clannish family and he did not grow up among masses of little Baring cousins.

But he was, among other things, a page to George V and Queen



Mary? Yes; he remembers standing round at State occasions.

His mother wrote in her memoirs that the night before the 1937 Coronation he had nightmares that his ceremonial coat, which the tailors had still not delivered would turn up in the wrong colours, and not in the proper scarlet and gold. Was this true?—"I've read that too," he said.

After Eton, Trinity College, Cambridge, and a year as a well-qualified post boy at Baring's, the war came and he went into the Guards. He joined the training battalion at Windsor, and remembers they did sword drill every morning on the cricket pitch.

"Officers who do not have swords will borrow them," he had one. He was at Normandy as a staff officer, and was mentioned in dispatches, not he says, for gallantry but for administrative work, and was a lieutenant-colonel at 27. After the war he went to

America for a year, and then returned to Baring's to become managing director. He was 29.

In 1953 he inherited the earldom and three years later, at the time of Suez, was making, according to the parliamentary reports, what appeared to be a patriotic speech to the House of Lords. First Lord Birdwood spoke, in the uniform of a lieutenant-colonel of Probyn's Horse; and then the young Lord Cromer, in the uniform of a lieutenant-colonel of the Grenadier Guards, spoke of Nasser's hollow intent and said, with apparent indignation, that within almost living memory Britain had saved Egypt from bankruptcy.

Why the uniform? Lord Cromer explained that in the autumn, when the world was all calm and peace, Lord Salisbury asked him, as a young back bench peer, to second the reply to the Queen's Speech.

The custom was, in those days, that if you had a uniform you jolly well put it on, so he went to the reserve stores of his regiment and borrowed one. Between the time of his being asked and the time of the speech, the whole Suez crisis blew up, and he wondered whether he ought to speak, since the name had had inherited had been closely connected with Egypt. (The first Lord Cromer had been Consul General.) That was the only significance of the uniform. But he had spoken, and in favour of the invasion?—"The thing having happened, certainly I supported it."

In 1961 Lord Cromer was made Governor of the Bank of England. It was a Macmillan appointment. Macmillan had been known to appoint relations. So the droll Mr Woodrow Wyatt got up in the Commons, said that "Debreit" revealed only the most tenuous connection between Cromer and Macmillan (something to do with the second husband of an aunt by marriage), and by implication inquired what other reason there could be for the appointment. The droll Mr Macmillan said: "He is a young man, which is said to be not a bad thing."

Cromer was 42 and the youngest governor for about 200 years. He had family connections there, though. Sir Francis Baring, his great great grandfather and the founder of Baring Bros, wrote a pamphlet in 1797 applauding the establishment of the Bank of England and saying paper currency was as good as gold. Jeremy Bentham, in his copy, now in the British Museum, wrote in the margin "Nonsense," "Confused" and, if I can read his writing, "Bah."

As governor, Lord Cromer was to be pretty nearly as outspoken as Bentham, but first he saved the pound. Now, did he? What did it

mean and how did he do it? By telephoning foreign bankers?

"More or less. The reserves were just going to run out. My job was to deal with the situation. I literally got on the telephone to all the other leading central banks, having worked out on an envelope before how much we needed, to ask if they would give us credit."

How much for?—"£3,000 millions. In the course of one rather hair-raising afternoon."

A good thing the telephones worked for once?—"We had the most excellent service from the GPO. By seven in the evening I was able to tell the Prime Minister we had these promises. He couldn't have known exactly what was going on."

So it was fair to say he did save the pound?—"It was saved at that moment. There would have been a world-wide collapse."

After he retired in 1966, why was he criticised for going back into commercial life? He thinks this was because in recent years governors have not gone back. "I couldn't, at the age of 47, say I was going to retire. I couldn't afford to."

Oh, but surely, he was a rich man? He shook his head, very sadly. But he was a Baring. On his mother's side he was a Minto (the Viceroy side); and he had married a Harmsworth.

Lord Cromer patiently explained that the wonderful wealth of the Barings was not... His grandfather had been the eighth of ten children, although he had happily been given a grant by Parliament on his retirement. Lord Cromer could not remember what that grant was. As for the Mintos, daughters never got anything.

But, putting everything else apart, he had been reported in the past few years as having sold a house in Ken for £35,000, and bought a villa in Provence for "less than £12,000" so he could not be on the breadline?

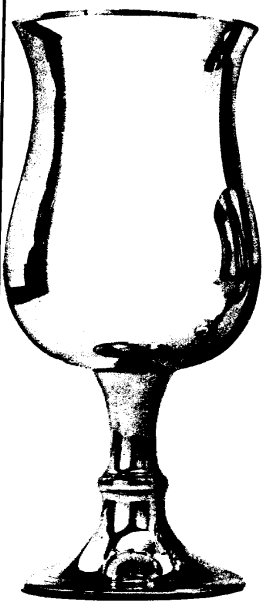
Lord Cromer inquired how much Mr Callaghan paid for his farm, and suggested that it must have cost £35,000 at least. "Obviously," he said, "I'm not going to complain on this score, but it is a fact of life: I've known since childhood that I would always have to work for a living."

Lord Cromer is a very down to earth man, who seems to see no great virtue in aristocracy as such, and no ideas about having been destined for high office or anything. But I did ask him about his christening.

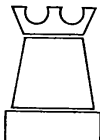
He said he did not remember it.

I said his mother, in her memoirs, had written that her child, "as the Cross was made on his brow, raised higher and higher a little upstretched hand."

He said: "My mother was very poetic. I have not inherited that."



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Danger-but not yet Doomsday

Anthony Tucker on pollution

In spite of years of speculation about potential worldwide dangers through changes wrought by recent technologies, no programme of investigation and assessment yet exists. But during the late summer about 100 scientists and other professionals met for a month at Williamstown, Massachusetts, to consider critical environmental problems.

The findings, a true reflection of current knowledge, ring no doomsday bells but point to real dangers. They also provide a platform for realistic national and international programmes of monitoring and control. The full text of the discussions has now been published by the Massachusetts Institute of Technology Press.

Those who, at one time or another, have speculated that the burning of fossil fuels will lead to a disastrous depletion of oxygen on our abused planet can relax. If all the fuel resources of the globe were to go up in smoke, the oxygen content of the air, would remain almost unchanged, falling only from 20.946 per cent to around 20.8 per cent. So say the Williamstown college of experts and, in the absence of a more authoritative source, it seems safe to breathe easily. Yet that is about the only crumb of comfort these deliberations have to offer. On carbon dioxide, heavy metal contamination, pesticides and—in particular—on the effects of supersonic transport, the present level of knowledge is inadequate for prediction. The disturbing truth is that man does not know what he is doing.

Since SSTs are already with us, the Williamstown discussions of their probable effects are the most urgent. Disturbances of the upper levels of the atmosphere leave their imprint for years, and the question being asked is whether it is possible to predict the effects of the large disturbances SSTs will certainly produce at stratospheric levels. The problem centres on engine emissions and, since no definite measurements of SST engine emissions have been made on either side of the Atlantic, it is necessary to extrapolate from work on smaller engines. Particles of various kinds, water vapour, and carbon dioxide, are all potentially disturbing factors, leading to increased absorption of sunlight and higher temperatures in the stratosphere, to increased cloudiness and resultant changes at ground level.

Taking current estimates of 500 SSTs operating mainly in the Northern Hemisphere in 1985-90, flying seven hours a day at around 65,000ft, the conclusions are salutary. World wide stratospheric water vapour will increase 10 per cent and, in regions of dense traffic, by as much as 60 per cent. Particle contamination may reach levels that are 10 times as high as those produced by the violent volcanic eruption of Agung Bali, in 1963. This has become a kind of datum line for assessment of effects, since it produced a stratospheric temperature increase of 6 deg. C through the injection of dust particles which absorbed incoming radiation. Although the Agung-effect produced no measurable changes at ground level, 10 times that effect probably would. Further, the combin-

ation of nucleating particles and high water vapour could lead to extensive cloudiness affecting large areas of the globe.

The Williamstown study does not go on to point out that any changes of incident sunlight on the earth fundamentally affects its productivity. This is because it is impossible to say, at this time, whether cloudiness would occur. But it does point to the urgent need to find out enough about the lower stratosphere to determine what its mechanisms are, to get accurate measurements of SST emissions, and to develop techniques for monitoring stratospheric conditions continuously.

We are talking about effects which, at their worst, could significantly reduce oceanic and agricultural productivity, and which are only 15 years away, that is, strange, to say the least, that techniques for continuous monitoring do not at this moment exist and that no Government has established a firm research policy which will keep the state of knowledge sufficiently ahead of practical developments for climatic predictions to be made.

That, of course, was precisely the position in the case of persistent pesticides and, in spite of belated partial reductions in their use, it is by no means certain that they will leave the planet unscathed. This is not a national affair, as some Governments pretend, for large-scale distribution is predominantly through the earth's water cycle and thus affects the whole globe.

The Williamstown study points to the accidental elimination of desired predators and to unknown long-term effects on productivity. It recommends not simply a drastic and rapid reduction in the use of chlorinated hydrocarbons and related materials, but the furnishing of subsidies to enable other techniques to be developed as soon as possible. Greatly increased effort should be put into the development of integrated pest control systems in which biological control is integrated with a minimal use of non-persistent pesticides.

Other areas deserve emphasis. Heavy metals, such as mercury and lead, are reaching the environment in increasing amounts and are highly poisonous. The study is uncompromising in its conclusion that they must be reduced.

Similarly, although no one now doubts that it is urgently necessary to reduce the 1.5 million tons of oil which reach the oceans directly each year, little attention is being given to the three or four million tons which get there indirectly. There is enormous scope for improvement through recycling, just as there is through the recycling of urban wastes. Both deserve much more attention than they are getting or, indeed, are likely to get unless considerable pressure is applied.

Taken largely, you could say that things looked fairly grim, through Williamstown eyes, if by no means hopeless. On the hourly chestnut of carbon dioxide in the atmosphere the outlook is moderate. Serious effects are likely only after 2,000. Is 30 years a long time?

Goodbye to Bessie

Mrs Bessie Braddock died in a Liverpool hospital last week after a long illness. She was 71. With her death, Britain—and Liverpool in particular—has lost one of the most distinctive political personalities of the century.

Bessie Braddock rose from humble, but militantly Left-wing, origins to become perhaps the best-known woman in Britain after the Queen. She remained Liverpool-rooted throughout her life, and was married to Jack Braddock, leader of the city Labour Party, who died in 1963. Fame as what Mr Wilson called "a doxy fighter" did not affect the "wo fixed points in her week—Saturday constituency surgery, and Monday washday."

Much of Mrs Braddock's most enduring work was done in Liverpool in the inter-war years. Elected to the city council as a non-sectarian candidate for the Labour Party during an argument about providing a site for Liverpool's Catholic Cathedral, she was appointed first to the Port Sanitary and Hospitals Committee. Here she pursued deplorable conditions, helped to bring some logic into the relation of municipal and teaching hospitals, and rationalised the uniforms of the city's nurses. She spent the war driving an ambulance in the Liverpool blitzes and helping to organise others in the service.

She was born into a political cradle; her mother, Mary (Ma) Bamber, was a volatile Scottish revolutionary whose home was a permanent cauldron of Socialist ideas. When she left school, where a good memory helped her to keep up without effort, Bessie started her working life putting seeds in packets for 5s a week. She soon moved to the Co-op drapery de-



partment in Walton Road, where she stayed until 1918.

In 1922 she married Jack Braddock—in the lunch break from my clerical job with the Warehouse Workers' Union. They had no children.

All Mrs Braddock's early years were spent in an atmosphere of soup kitchens and deprivation, although her own father was a printer and kept the family off the breadline. She always claimed that it was the sight of well-fed police on fat horses charging a crowd of unemployed men on St George's Plateau, on August 13, 1911, that drove her into the Communist Party. After four years in the party, however, she became disillusioned, and, joining the Labour Party, tended to move steadily right. This led to recurrent difficulties with her constituency party, the most notable when the

party went Bevanite in the fifties and voted to ask Bessie to stand down; repeated National Executive action was needed to put the matter right.

It was in the Exchange constituency that Mrs Braddock felt herself to be most at home and working most effectively. Her Saturday morning surgeries in the tatty Islington offices were famous, and there she coped with the heartbreaking problems thrown up by overcrowding and bad housing in central Liverpool. Often there was nothing she could do—but she answered every query with a well thought out reply, and this helped to keep her majority invincible. Experience with problems in the city with the least playground space, and working as a juvenile city magistrate, led her to a belief in the beneficial effects of boxing. She became honorary president of the Professional Boxers Association.

Mrs Braddock entered Parliament for Liverpool Exchange in 1945, and remained there until the last general election, when she did not stand again for reasons of health. She often electrified the House with her accounts of poverty and hardship, in fact, in her maiden speech she told MPs—many of whom sat stunned at hearing such sentiments from a woman member—that throughout Britain, and particularly in industrial areas, people were living in "flea-ridden, bug-ridden, lousy hell holes."

In her later years her speeches were rare, but she played an influential role behind the scenes until she was overcome by mental exhaustion last year. She was a member of the Labour Party National Executive for 22 years. Last February she became Liverpool's first woman freeman.

Give a little whistle

At twenty-five minutes to nine on Monday morning my nine year old son was suddenly seized with a passionate desire to improve on the thin, uncertain note—rather like a very soft wind in a very small tree—that is all he can manage when he puckers up his lips and blows. The boy who sits next to him in class, it seemed, could emit ear-piercing blasts, imitate birds, and decorate any popular tune with improvised, warbling variations. Could I, in the five minutes left before he set out for school, bring him to a similar level of whistling proficiency?

Of course, I couldn't and I haven't yet. For someone with no sense of tone, melody, or rhythm, I am not a bad whistler. I've got a loud, strong whistle that can fetch a dog from two fields away or drive a colleague to the farthest corner of the office faster than most. But passing on this skill to another, I've found, is harder than practising it. Whistling is like winking or wiggling your ears: if you can do it, you know you can do but you don't know how you do it.

Over and over again since Monday morning, I've shown him how I whistle. I've taught him to imitate the exact position of my lips, the precise indrawing of my cheeks, and the slightly raised level of the eye-brows—which seems a necessary adjunct to whistling even if it's not a contributing factor—and all to no avail. When he has composed his features into this grotesque pattern and then blows, all that comes out is a lot of air and, very occasionally, something that almost promises to be a whistle but never

remotely begins to live up to it.

Both of us have looked round for other tutors and have found that whistling seems to be another of those dying skills and pastimes that will soon only survive as tape recordings in the BBC sound archives. Our milkman never whistles and confessed yesterday morning that he had never learned. The paper boy doesn't whistle and since neither the grocer nor the greengrocer have delivery boys, there is no longer any chance of enjoying that most characteristic and dazzling of all amateur whistling displays—the errand boy riding a delivery bicycle with both hands deep in his pockets and his head thrown

the audience to its feet as well.

Why whistling should be so much in decline is hard to say. Unless it is that in some mysterious way whistling goes with poverty, and keeping up both appearances and spirits in trying circumstances. Dickens's hard-pressed characters were much given to whistling, and the tradition was kept up in novels and plays about working class life right up to the last war. It even spread into the plastic arts. There used to be vastly popular, mass-produced plaster statues of a whistling boy that once adorned as many mantelpieces and window sills as those three flying ducks now adorn walls. The boy was barefoot and his trousers were tattered and out at the seat.

One can speculate with as much pleasure and as little profit on the origins of whistling. Who was the first whistler? Could men whistle before they could speak? Did they whistle before they sang? Who invented the two finger in the mouth whistle that can carry half a mile on a clear day? Why can so few women whistle at all and hardly any of them well.

Addressing myself to the theory, as well as the practice, of whistling I've considered all these questions since last Monday and still my son is no nearer his ambition. Fortunately, he has just joined the Scouts and one of their precepts, I seem to remember, is "A Scout smiles and whistles under all difficulties." Frankly, I've always thought the double feat impossible but if he can just master the second part of it, we will both be well pleased and the old tradition will be kept alive a bit longer.

by Harry Whewell

back, whistling at the sky as though his pedalling legs were pumping out the soaring sound.

The professional whistlers have gone too. They used to be billed on music hall programmes as "Siffleur Extraordinary" or some such. Perhaps to set their skill as far as possible from the errand boys, they would make a great show of holding their lower jaw with one hand and cupping the other over their mouth while adding the most astonishing trills and runs to the basic melody of "In a Monastery Garden."

The finale of their act hardly ever varied. Crouched down on one knee, their cupped hand vibrating like a tuning fork, they would embark on an imitation of a sky lark rising from its nest in which they too rose to a climatic crescendo on tip-toe and often brought

NORMAN SHRAPNEL'S series on university towns continues with a visit to Colchester—a town of oysters, roses, and revolt

Oh! Colchester!



"In the main streets," says the witty guidebook "the future lies with the spy rather than the contemplative." That's Colchester for you. Meaning, of course, that if you step off the kerb to get a better view of some interesting survival you are unlikely to survive yourself.

It was Colchester that gave us that splendid counterblast to Kenneth Tynan in the shape of an overdressed revue called "Oh! Colchester!" They're a sharp lot in this town of oysters, roses, and revolt. It has a long history of that, way before the University of Essex was ever thought of: from Boz-icea to the Quaker boy, James Parnell, who (according to the memorial in the castle) "was imprisoned for his faith and died here in 1656, aged 19."

Faith and rebellion are more diffuse these days, but perhaps Colchester was always a dangerous town. As if the traffic were not enough, a warning notice in four-inch red letters informs us that guard dogs are on patrol in the castle park. Guarding what, from whom? Yet there is still some surviving virtue in this gutted, filleted place, this fast-dissolving monument to the belated truth that what is good for the motor industry is fatal for English towns.

Whatever the students of Essex have to protest about, and it usually seems to be plenty, the motorcar is hardly involved. Legs are already obsolete here, and nonmotorised members of the university have developed the most fluent and persuasive hitchhiking thumbs in the entire student community. I was regarded with some kind of awe as probably the only person who has walked to Wivenhoe Park in the (admittedly short) history of the university,

yet this seemed to be the only way of seeing what is left of this once incomparable town. Across the still seductive river, past some distinguished facades the demolishers have overlooked, past the Arts Cinema (Andy Warhol's "Flesh" is among the films to come — "Sh-sh! Keep it quiet!" a notice entreats), past the Oxfam shop, a pricey Chinese restaurant on its chaste Georgian corner, a stock-car racing poster, the premises (inactive, not surprisingly) of the Forces Help Society and Lord Roberts Workshops.

Near Magdalen Street — no satire intended — you can already see the tall austere blocks of the university brooding in the distance; nothing could look less Arnoldesque. And what are they cooking up now in those scheming towers? You remember that Essex students, anyway until Cambridge look over, dominated the headlines of revolt. They once went so far as getting embroiled in a parliamentary privilege issue with the dreaming towers of Westminster. (All forgotten now, but it made a high old sensation at the time.)

The administration block, surprisingly, has disguised itself as a Jacobean country house. ("Pigs!" somebody has chalked. "Help the dustmen.") Behind it the lake with its unprotesting ducks. Beyond that, a sea of cars glittering in the sun, and those gloomy towers that can never shine. Have they proved sociological successes in this sociological university? Some doubt it. However, large sectors of the student body — and maybe staff too, for it's hard to tell the one from the other here — are cheerfully piling into what looks like a very decent lunch in the enormous restaurant (fillet of

plaipe two-and-nine, steak and onions five bobb).

On the upper level of the courtyard they are advertising headier fare — an anarchist meeting ("coffee, biscuits, and bomb") at somebody's flat in the Bertrand Russell Tower. There's a counter-attraction promised by the Go Society ("down with the Mah-Jong paper tigers"; no coffee or biscuits, no bomb, but mint-imperials available to all). Crowds sit peacefully enough round the blue artificial pond with ice-cream spoons for fish. Everything is man-made here, glass and stone and concrete, no vegetation; a kind of more sophisticated Blackpool. There's the bank, the bar, the general store.

One thing you can't conceivably have here, or so one would think, is solitude. Then why that service called Nightline, giving an emergency number to ring for "loneliness, crisis, or despair"? An advisory service has also been set up to deal with emotional problems. What has been called "the freest, most exotic, most relaxed university in Britain" is plainly not free of tensions.

The bookshop is determined that its books aren't going to be free, either. There has been so much pilfering that customers are asked to leave their bags and cases at the entrance. It's only a tiny minority, they say, but a tiny minority can be bad for trade. Finally, there's a rather provocative headline in the local newspaper, front page at that: "University women shape up for the sex war," it says. With the flouncy indeterminate student fashions of the moment, few of them look as if they're shaping up to anything — more, you'd say, as if they were rehearsing for "Carmen."

Two sides of The Strip

by Walter Schwarz in Gaza

This is the most violent corner of Fortress Israel, but that does not mean much these days. The soldier at the checkpoint told me to "be careful"; but when I asked what this meant he just shrugged and waved me on. From Jerusalem "The Strip" seems remote, you not dangerous. People advise you not to go in a car that has Israeli plates (they are red, while occupied Arab ones are blue, diplomatic ones white, and foreign ones, like mine, black).

Scores of people have been killed here this year, hundreds wounded — nearly all of them Arabs. Most died when grenades thrown at Israeli cars missed or bounced back (which is what they nearly always seem to do if they go off at all); some were deliberately blown up for going to work on buses bound for Israel; others were singled out because of more portentous forms of collaboration; a few died because they belonged to the Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine but failed to deliver the Front's money to those for whom it was intended.

When I was last here 18 months ago the children were on strike, soldiers peered from behind machineguns on top of the military governor's office and patrolled the streets, looking ill at ease, as if the Israeli army had never been designed for garrison duty.

But in these post-Nasser days Gaza looks, and is, as quiet as any other occupied town. Hardly a soldier to be seen. The streets at noon jammed with children going home: the boys looking studious and the girls in Turkish-style trousers or prudish stockings.

More than quiet, Gaza is pleasant. I can see why those United Nations wives grumbled so much when they were moved to

Jerusalem last year because of the danger. Orange groves around the town, ready for the autumn picking, look as neat and cherished as the Israeli ones. Wide and cool are the main streets with plenty of trees, spacious villas, leisurely traffic, the comforting Arab smells of charcoal and coffee, and, at the far end of the main road, a magnificent beach.

What Gaza is like depends on who you talk to. An American journalist emerged from the military governor's office and told an Egyptian woman in the plush lounge of her beach hotel: "Isn't it wonderful what the Israelis have done in three years. Look at those streets, all those wonderful houses." The woman whose surname is Nasser and not, politically speaking, especially misleading, informed him icily that her hotel dated from 1934 and that Gaza's imposing streets looked much livelier before the Sinai campaign than after.

Colonel Shmuel Liram is the military government's officer for liaison with everyone, from the United Nations Relief and Works Agency to the foreign press. He is a talker, a fine example of the intellectual, non-military Israeli soldier. "I want you to look at this photograph. It sums up the Gaza story." He rummaged in his shelves and produced a blow-up of a group of laughing college girls walking in the streets.

"Look at this," he said, as if it were an operations map. "First, the picture was taken by a soldier. Do they look scared?" They did not, and here followed a digression on the solid reasons Gaza girls had for being scared of soldiers in the Egyptian days.

"Next, look at the blouses: white blouses — unheard of in the old days. And look again: two of

the girls have the top buttons undone. And bras underneath. It's a revolution."

But Colonel Liram's punchline was in the hems. The picture showed these had been turned up by two or three inches. "You see? They turn them up but don't cut them. They know, as everyone in Gaza knows, that things have changed, but that they can change back again, as they did when we pulled out in 1957."

Colonel Liram is paternal, affectionate, reassuring. "Our problem isn't security (the Egyptians had a dusk to dawn curfew in the refugee camps for 20 years; ours is only from 10 to four and it's at their own request.) It's education. There's revolution going on all right, but it's inside people's homes and the girls are leading it."

It is a good line to take with the foreign press, for the social effects of Israeli occupation, here as on the West Bank, look more positive than the political ones. The twentieth century blows in everywhere, but it happens more spectacularly when Israelis, with their girl soldiers, their trade unionism, and their informality, move into a place like Gaza. Just as the Gaza girls shorten their skirts, bus drivers in East Jerusalem go on strike against the Arab employers. And wives, it is said, now call the police when their husbands beat them.

"If Israel said categorically that Gaza would never return to Egypt, 85 per cent of the people would come out in support of us, 5 per cent would fight against us, and the rest would go away." The colonel was clearly an optimist.

But there are no miniskirts in the refugee camps. Beach camp in the town, Maghazi and El Bureiz camps outside, each a seething,

muddy mass of corrugated iron, are as grotesquely overcrowded, as smelly, as those around Amman.

Talks with the inhabitants do not bear out Colonel Liram's theory that Gaza youth is with Israel. Refugees have been talking to visiting reporters for 22 years and they know the answers so well that they supply them before the questions have been put. What sounded new, though, was that the "democratic Palestine for Arabs and Jews" idea has got down to the grass roots.

At Bureiz and Maghazi you can see this in action. Wide streets have been driven through the camps and lit up at night. Huts which had to be pulled down have been rebuilt by UNRWA at Israeli expense. It is strictly a "one for one" exchange.

Mr Arthur Geaney, UNRWA's American director, says that any action that might be interpreted as "resettlement" is vetoed, because it would go against UN resolutions. Even the size of the rooms had to stay the same: a miserable nine square yards. But the Israelis were allowed to install inside lavatories and, more significantly, to put the new huts inside much bigger compounds, which allows for expansion by private enterprise.

I met Fayed Abu Rahman, head of the Gaza bar, who pleads for UNRWA and for indicated guerrillas alike, and Dr Wadi Terrazo, headmaster of Gaza College, in Mrs Nasser's drawing rooms. She served tea and cake and spiced the conversation with cynical asides. "Everyone always promised us a port: the British, the Egyptians, and now the Israelis. But we still haven't even a jetty."

The lounge soon resounded with the explosion of cherished Israeli

myths about Gaza. "That the Egyptians neglected us is simply not true; they provided excellent education. At this moment we have 1,050 students in Egyptian universities." This was the figure Colonel Liram had given me, but to prove the rather different point that he was running his own personal "open bridges" policy across the Suez Canal.

Liram's point about the Egyptians' "dusk to dawn curfew" was also denied. The Egyptian one had been from midnight to 4 am — shorter than the Israeli one and much less strictly enforced. It was also apparently untrue that Israel had brought in much industry. The strawberry export scheme had been a flop: strawberries had been sold off in local markets. The copper smelting (about which I heard on my last visit) had turned out to be an ad hoc affair for melting down scrap shells left over from the two desert wars: the raw materials were now exhausted.

Dr Terrazo had grouses about telescoped courses and overcrowded classes in the Israeli state schools, and Rahman said that he had four children at school "and not one of them has a single textbook." The trouble about textbooks is that the Egyptian ones had been censored as being inflammatory and few others were yet available.

But Gaza's economic grouse is that nothing has replaced the smuggling trade on which its prosperity has been based. The Egyptians had made it a free port, to which Egyptian tourists repaired to stock up, duty free, with everything lacking in the Cairo shops. That trade had gone, and, thanks to the guerrillas, so had the tourism of the early Israeli days. For that, at least, the government could not be blamed.

Czech that bounced

GERALD LARNER talks to Zdenek Macal (right)

It's a bad invasion which produces no good exiles; and the atrocious Russian invasion of Czechoslovakia in 1968 did commit to the West the most promising of Czechoslovakia's young conductors.

Zdenek Macal clearly enjoys his new international life. In Manchester the other day he was dressed more Western than any of us, in a black suit flecked with lurex and a tie to match, shiny waistcoat, silver-buckled shoes. You might have taken him and his long hair for something in show business, except that the high East-European cheekbones, the hollow cheeks, and sunken eyes suggest a less mundane occupation. His language, too—a flood of little English, more German, occasional words of French, and musical dictionary Italian—sounds rather more exotic than that of the average club comedian passing through the Midland Hotel.

But the first impression is not completely misleading. Fortunately for him, there is more than a little of the showman and the businessman beside the musician in Zdenek Macal. He has a flair for doing the right thing at the right time. Only just over two years ago he arrived in Holland with no money and few prospects. Now he is conductor of the Cologne Radio Symphony Orchestra, living comfortably in Lucerne, and receiving more offers than he can accept.

It was a bold move. "Three days after the invasion we left, with three baggages. It was necessary to go." He uprooted himself, his wife, and their then 8-year-old daughter for the sake of what he quite simply calls "freedom." Less simply, he tried to explain something for which neither his German nor his English was adequate about the relationship between his artistic and his private life. "When one will make good music, one must have good private life. How can you conduct Beethoven when you are not free?" So for that, at the age of 32, he gave up his new position as conductor of the Prague Symphony Orchestra, his good standing with the Czech Philharmonic, his house and other possessions. What would happen if they went back? His wife turned an imaginary key in front of her—"Verhaftet," she said. "In prison," he said.

It was also a shrewd move. At last Macal found himself indepen-

dent of the need to get a visa when invited to conduct one of the great orchestras on this side of the border. Though he had little more than three weeks' engagements in Holland in August 1968, he had friends in the West, knew he could count on sympathy for his situation, and was known for his success in the Besancon and Mitropoulos competitions, as well as for earlier appearances in Western Europe (including those on tour with the Czech Philharmonic), and for the gramophone records he was beginning to make.

He had his friends smuggle his scores out to him. Within a few months he made his first appearance in England, deputising for Constantine Silvestri, who died on the very day Macal took his place with the Bournemouth Symphony Orchestra at the Royal Festival Hall. "Bornamowth" was so impressed by him that he was later invited to become the next permanent conductor. By then, however, he was so busy that he had to decline the offer. Within two years he had converted a promising domestic career into a flourishing international business.

So he didn't regret the move? "When I decide," he said, "I do not go back." He has an impressive (even for a conductor) confidence in himself. He mentioned that Czech musicians who want to go back home cannot play in his concerts, like Josef Suk, who was to have appeared with him and the Scottish National Orchestra in Scotland last week: "But that is not pity for Macal, that is pity for Mr Suk." He rejects any suggestion of homesickness. "Where I work, where I conduct, where I have my family, that is home."

But he did not look as happy as he sounded when he talked about this loss of contact with Suk, who as well as being a fine violinist, is also the grandson of the composer Suk and great grandson of Dvorak, an embodiment of Czech musical tradition. Macal has a similarly ambivalent attitude to tradition. On the one hand he can say almost cynically, "Talič one day has an idea about performing a work. Ancerl hears it and says to himself, 'Ah, that is tradition. I must do that.' And now we must all do it." On the other hand he is proud of his direct contact, through his Brno education, with the Janacek tradition, and defends it against the rival Prague version.



He feels himself part of the Dvorak tradition too. So, remembering his exciting, but very unliteral performance of the Eighth Symphony with the Royal Liverpool Philharmonic last year, I asked him about something he did in the slow movement. The Czech in him came through at last. "The mountains in Czechoslovakia, the paysage"—"the villages," his wife suggested—"the country is very poetic, very colourful. If you came to the mountains you would understand."

Much of what he does in music is done in that instinctive way. Asked about the performance of Brahms's First Symphony he had just broadcast with the BBC Northern Symphony Orchestra, he knew of course that he suddenly halved the tempo in the coda of the last movement, that he accelerated the main theme of that same movement several times, that the tempo in the Andante sostenuto fluctuated considerably. He was surprised only that anyone would question these things.

Zdenek Macal is like that. A critic might, intellectually, question some of the extravagant things he does with the classics. But they are the physically and emotionally arousing things to do, the popular things to do. Showy or businesslike it might be, but that is not the intention. He knows that, musically, he is right, and you cannot ignore the conviction behind it all.

Venerable showman

RECORDS by Edward Greenfield

Leopold Stokowski has seriously suffered as well as gained by being typecast as a showman. Now nearing his ninetieth year, his interpretations remain as flamboyant as ever—listen to the brassy re-orchestration in the final bars of Beethoven's Ninth, newly recorded on Phase Four—but one compensation of age is that veneration finally wins.

Whatever the personal idiosyncrasies of this account of the Ninth (Decca Phase Four PFS 4183) it is unmistakably a great performance. Robert Layton has sometimes bewailed the fact that nowadays it is all too easy, economically as well as technically, to make new versions of established classics. In the old days of "78," there were few symphonies or concertos that merited more than one recording. The actual process was laborious, and though sometimes this reduced the overall flow and spontaneity, the performers really meant what they played. There was no chance of a later remake. The feeling one has with Stokowski is that he has kept this attitude: that his work in the recording studio is not something to be dispatched easily. With the Ninth, of all works, the just weight of utterance is particularly hard to capture on record, but here, as in Stokowski's ancient "78" version of the thirties, he certainly achieves it.

The first movement is fast and dramatic, the scherzo light and pointed, and the slow movement, taken comparatively straight with no sentimentality, has genuine integrity. The finale is uneven with some strangely slow tempi, but with the LSO and Chorus and a fine quartet of soloists, concentration is always there. An exciting new version.

Another fine memorial to Stokowski's continued vitality

comes in a record of Shostakovich's still underestimated Sixth Symphony, made with the Chicago Symphony Orchestra (RCA SB 6839). The weight of argument here lies in the long opening slow movement, and it is fascinating to study the deliberate modifications of the composer's markings, made in the interests of focusing attention on the climactic point of the movement. Boulton, on Everest, is meticulous by contrast, and though the result is very strong, he cannot match Stokowski in emotional intensity. Both performances are far more satisfying than a recent Russian one under Kondrashin on HMV Melodiya, though there the coupling is more generous. Shostakovich's Violin Concerto No. 2, Stokowski has for coupling the witty "Age of Gold" Suite.

RCA has also brought out on the cheap Victrola label (now only 19s 11d per disc) two historic Shostakovich performances by Toscanini and the NBC Symphony Orchestra (RCA VICS 6038, 2 records). The sound (taken from wartime broadcasts) is often terrifyingly bad, but the electrifying intensity of Toscanini's interpretations is never in doubt. Well worth hearing. I am glad too that Music for Pleasure on its Classics for Pleasure label, has reissued Petre's version with the Philharmonia of Shostakovich's 12th Symphony, the programme work celebrating the 1917 Revolution (CFP 141). This is, on the whole, better recorded and more stylishly played than the recent Melodiya version from Russia issued at full price. At 17s 9d it makes an excellent bargain, and so does the reissue of Markevitch's account of Slavinsky's "Rite of Spring" on the same label (CFP 124) with lyrical qualities given weight as well as dramatic ones.

Art for money's sake

by Caroline Tisdall

Let us hope that anger and alarm over Government proposals for museum and gallery charges will not fade into mortified acceptance after the initial letters of polite resistance. These proposals are not only the most niggling bit of cultural meanness since places of public pleasure and learning were set up, they are also short-sighted, uneconomic, and dishonest. Short-sighted in the effect such measures will have on the museum-public relationship that has been carefully built up by most museums over the years. Uneconomic, in that the cost of administering charges and exemptions, installing equipment to deal with them, and providing space for all this to go on, will swallow up a large chunk of any profits. Dishonest in that the public have already contributed once through taxation, and it's not as though the Chancellor has given any assurance that the revenue collected will be ploughed back.

The whole attitude that implies that people appreciate only what they actually pay for is condes-

cending. The plain fact is, as any random survey of museum or gallerygoers shows, that if charges are introduced, attendance will drop. This to what most museum directors, had they only been consulted, would have pointed out. Those magical attendance figures from the Castle Museum, Norwich, quoted to prove the opposite, are misleading. In summer, the museum is a stopping point on day trips from Great Yarmouth, and in winter it's free, anyway.

It seems that 2s 6d will be the price. Charges in the Musée d'Art Moderne started at one franc and jumped to three francs. Some American museums cost initially 25 cents and now one dollar. Neither is it any good palming us off with the promise of free admission on Sundays. The scrum would make it impossible to see anything, as anyone who has been in the Louvre or the Sistine Chapel on Sunday well knows.

The argument that relative profits from museum to museum will reflect each director's efficiency is equally shaky. There will

always be some museums and galleries, which by their very nature appeal to smaller groups of people. Unless enjoyment is to be measured solely in terms of number, this does not necessarily mean that the museum is no good.

Being civil servants, museum directors are virtually gagged as far as public protest is concerned, and trustees rarely say anything. Surely museum staff acting as a whole round-robin-style could achieve something? The National Art Collections Fund could be less gentle in its protest and threaten to withdraw all it has donated. Students could temporarily put aside their reservations about the function of museums to save one of the good aspects of them. Above all, museum and gallery users could make their feelings felt.

It is not just a question of museum charges, but of value. Who still believes that bases east of Suez are more prestigious than our rapidly diminishing Welfare State, of which free museums and galleries form part?

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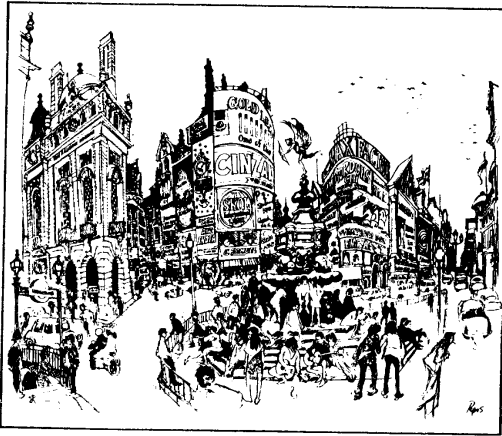
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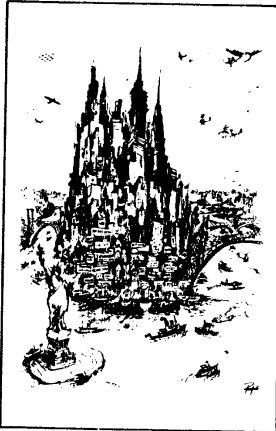
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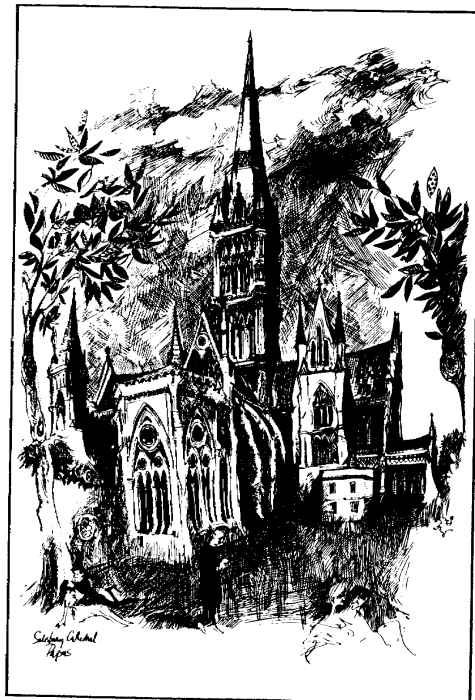
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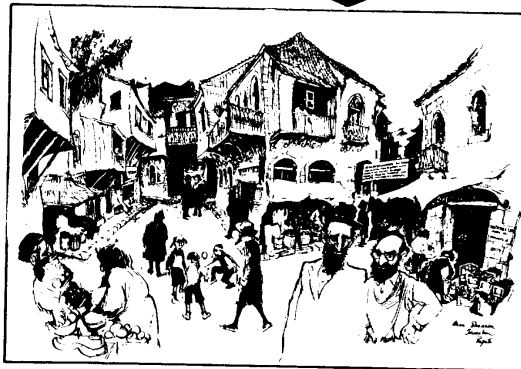
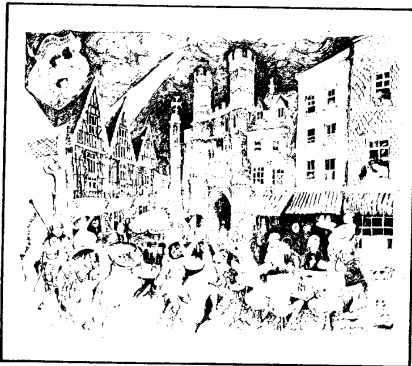
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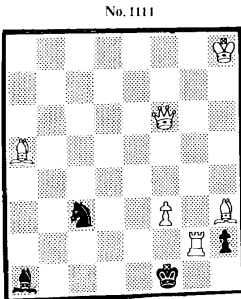


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Chess

Gunderam's Gambit



White mates in two moves, against any defence (by A. M. Spark, 1st prize Good Companions 1918).

Solution No. 1113:

1 NxBP (waiting). If 1... R-R3 2 N-R4, or if R-N3 2 N-N5, or if R-K3 2 N(3)-K5, or if R-Q3 2 N(3)-Q4, or if R-B2 2 N-RxR, or if R-B1 2 N-Q8, or if R-B2 2 N-K7, or if R-B4 2 N(6)-K5, or if R-B5 2 N(6)-Q4, or if P-N6 2 Q-Q2, or if B-N72 Q-B4.

One of the most fruitful methods of studying chess openings is to learn a few very sharp variations for White. Even if not completely sound, such systems put pressure on an opponent who knows that a single tactical slip made through ignorance can prove decisive. This is the philosophy behind the various gambits (Goring, Tarrasch, Wilkes-Barre) recommended in the *Guardian Chess Book*, and in practice it works out well.

Several sharp systems are available against the popular King's Indian Defence. One which seems to have

good results against opponents below master strength is a little-known line in the Four Pawns Attack worked out by the gifted but eccentric German amateur Gunderam. I use the word "eccentric" because Gunderam has seriously recommended both 1 P-K4 P-K4 2 N-KB3 Q-K2 and 1 P-KB3 with the idea of a Blackmar gambit after 1... P-Q4 2 P-Q4.

Gunderam's Gambit against the King's Indian is a more practical proposition, and, as shown by this week's game, confronts Black with a difficult defence.

Nun Gerzsenyi

Czechoslovak team match, 1970

1 P-Q1 N-KB3 2 P-QB1 P-KN3 3 N-QB3 B-N2 4 P-K1 P-Q3 5 B-K2 6 P-B1 P-B4 7 P-Q5 P-K3 8 N-B3 PxP 9 P-K5! This is Gunderam's Gambit; the normal moves are 9 BfXfP or 9 KfXfP.

9... P-KP 9... N-N5, recommended by Hartston in The King's Indian Defence, is dubious after 10 BfXfP PxP 11 P-KR3 or 10 NfXfP PxP 11 P-KR3, but not at once 10 P-KR3? P-Q5! 11 N-K4 NfXfP! 12 P-N P-N and the three pawns are stronger than the knight.

9... KN-Q2 10 BfXfP PxP 11 0-0 PxP 12 BxP N-KB3 13 Q-Q2 N-N5 14 P-KR3 BxN 15 BxN QN-Q2 (so far Ney-Polugaevsky, Tiflis 1966) should be in White's favour if he maintains his space advantage with 16 P-QR4 followed by KR-K1.

If 9... N-K5 Gunderam recommends 10 NfXfP, and if 9... N-K1 10 BfXfP B-N5 11 B-K3.

10 P-KP N-N5 11 B-N5 Q-R1. Another critical position in Gunderam's Gambit, 11... P-B3 is probably best, when 12 KfXfP BxP 13 QxP ch QxQ 14 NfXfP BxN 15 NfXfP B-N3 16 N-B7 R-N1 17 KN-K6 should lead to an even game.

If 11... Q-Q2 12 NfXfP and 12... NfXfP? is dangerous because of 13 NfXfP BxN 14 B-B6.

11... Q-N3 is the hook move in a similar position in the main line of the Four Pawns Attack, but it is risky here because of 12 NfXfP QxP 13 0-0 (even 13 N-B7).

12 P-KP. Gunderam suggests the further gambit 12 0-0? P-Q5 (safer PxP) 13 N-Q5 NfXfP 14 B-K7 R-K1 15 NfXfP BxN 16 B-B6.

12... NfXfP 12... N-Q2 is met by 13 P-K6, while if 12... P-B5 White can offer the exchange with 13 0-0 Q-B4 ch? (better P-N4) 14 K-R1 N-B7 ch 15 RxN QxR 16 N-K4 Q-N3 17 N-B6 ch K-R1 18 Q-B1 and wins.

13 0-0 N-N ch. Black has a difficult position. If 13... R-K1 (or 13... QN-Q2 14 P-Q6!) 14 NfXfP BxN 15 B-QB4 N-Q2 16 P-Q6 B-Q5 ch 17 K-R1 N-K4 18 B-Q5 B-K3 19 N-K4! (Ney-Westerninen, Helsinki 1966) keeps the initiative.

14 RfXfP B-N2? Overlooking the combination which follows: 14... N-Q2 is better.

15 RfXfP! RfXfP 16 BxN K-R1 17 B-K6 B-R1 18 Q-Q2 N-R3 19 P-Q6. White's strong passed pawn and active position more than offset the sacrifice of the knight.

19... RfXfP 20 B-K7 Q-N5 21 R-K1 N-N1 22 P-KR3 N-B3 23 B-Q7 B-Q5 ch 24 K-R2 R-Q1 25 P-R3 Q-R1 26 BxN PxB 27 Q-N5 Q-N3 28 N-R1 Q-N1 29 NfXfP RfXfP 30 N-R6 Q-K1 31 N-B7 Q-Q2 32 BfXfP 33 Q-N3 R-K8 N-B8 ch 34 K-R1! R-Q8 ch 35 K-B2 Q-B2 ch.

31... R-K3 35 Q-B6 ch! Resigns.

If 35... RxQ 36 B-R6 dis ch forces mate.

Leonard Barden

Bridge

The Americans are in the enviable, but difficult, position of having an abundance of first-class candidates for their national bridge teams. One of their major events, the Spingold Championships, has recently been won by a comparatively unknown team of young players under the captaincy of C. C. Wei, who beat the famous Dallas Aces by 59 IMPs in the final. They attribute their victory mainly to a new system called the Precision Club, invented by Mr Wei, whose bidding methods and training were also responsible for the surprisingly good results of the Nationalist China teams that finished second in the 1969-70 world bridge championships.

Wei, who has won all the major club systems in the world, has been able to have found the answer to all bidding problems. I well remember that as long ago as 1965, when I was a member of the famous Dr Paul Stern's team, we had to abide by the strict rules and discipline of his One Club system. Since we won the European and world championships for three years running it must have been a good system; but so are most systems

The Wei way

so long as the players using them are first class.

Here is an example of an optimistic contract reached by the Wei team and requiring skill to make. West dealt at game all.

North
♠ K, 6
♥ A, J, 6, 3
♦ K, Q, J, 7
♣ K, 9, 5

West
♠ 9, 5
♥ 5, 4
♦ A, 5, 3
♣ J, 8, 7, 4, 3, 2

East
♠ Q, J, 8, 7, 2
♥ K, 10, 9
♦ A, 4, 2
♣ A, 10, 4, 3

South
♠ A, 10, 4, 3
♥ Q, 8, 7, 2
♦ 10, 9, 6
♣ 10, 6

The bidding:
West North East South
NB 1C 1S INT
NB 2NT NB 3NT
NB NB NB

West led the 9 of spades. Declarer played low from dummy and East's jack forced his ace. He led the 10 of diamonds and West went in with his ace to lead another spade to dummy's king. Two diamond tricks were

cashied, then ace and a small heart were led. East won with the king and continued with a heart, taken in dummy. Declarer now cashied his last diamond and led a heart towards the queen. This was East's impossible position:

North
♠ None
♥ 6
♦ None
♣ K, 9, 5

West
♠ None
♥ None
♦ None
♣ J, 8, 7, 4

East
♠ Q, 8
♥ None
♦ None
♣ A, Q

South
♠ 10, 4
♥ Q
♦ None
♣ 10

If he had discarded a club he would have been thrown in with the ace to lead into South's spades. In fact he discarded a spade, so declarer put him on lead with the queen of spades and he had to lead to the king of clubs.

©Rixi Markus



Detail of Barry's engraving "The Thames or The Triumph of Navigation"

The Grand Manner

We are so accustomed to think of English painting of the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries exclusively in terms of landscape and portrait that we can easily forget that there were many artists of that time who aspired to paint immense allegorical paintings on grand and heroic themes.

It comes as something of a shock when we see portraits by Sir Joshua Reynolds (1723-92) and remember that he himself regarded portrait painting as a second-rate activity; he exhorted his students at the Royal Academy not to imitate the outward form of Nature, but to emulate the gravity and nobility of Italian artists like Raphael, Michelangelo, and the Carracci, who lived in earlier centuries.

George Romney (1734-1802), whose portraits are admired for their gaiety and elegance, regarded portrait painting as a deadly drudgery that kept him away from more ambitious projects. These included a series of large oil-paintings, none of which was completed, on the theme of the Creation and Fall of Man, which would have no rival in scale and sublimity to Michelangelo's Sistine Chapel. Only Thomas Gainsborough, the third great portrait painter of eighteenth-century England, had no greater ambition than to paint landscapes, and he was a constant irritant to Sir Joshua for openly ridiculing pompous aspirations to the Grand Manner.

James Barry (1741-1806), a quarrelsome and impulsive Irishman, suffered near-starvation to paint the enormous series of wall-paintings which can still be seen in the lecture theatre of the Society of Arts in the Adelphi, off the Strand. The theme is nothing less than the progress of human culture, from its origins with Orpheus to the Final Retribution. Taking a brief detour to bring in the Olympic Games, the triumph of British commerce and the founding of the Society of Arts itself. The latter, unfortunately, were not ~~enough~~ enough to pay Barry more than expenses.

For good or ill the aristocratic patrons of England refused to be shamed into paying for similar grandiose schemes. The noble lords agreed that there was a need for pictures of their horses, houses, and themselves from native artists; if they wanted something more elevated then they bought pictures from Italy.

They refused to believe that English

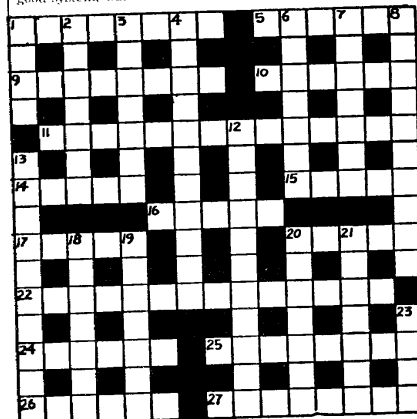
artists could paint "serious" subjects as well as the Italians, and they tended to fill their picture galleries with foreign paintings, and relegated their English ones to their living quarters. The more uncompromising painters in the Grand Manner, like Benjamin Robert Haydon (1796-1846), were frequently forced into debt, and Haydon himself, in despair at his poverty and lack of recognition, committed suicide.

In spite of their misfortunes, these painters provide excellent material for present-day collectors. Their larger projects are either unobtainable or too large to be manageable, but they left many preparatory sketches behind. George Romney was a compulsive draughtsman, and he filled dozens of sketchbooks with rapid drawings usually of cataclysmic events. One sometimes sees complete sketchbooks devoted to a single motif or group, but these are usually broken up by dealers. A great many of these sketchbooks have been through the auction rooms in the past few years, so most of the London drawings dealers have a few in stock, although the more finished ones can be expensive.

Drawings by James Barry are extremely rare, but he made engraved versions of all his Adelphi paintings, and these are sometimes available in print shops. As can be seen from the engraving of "The Thames, or The Triumph of Navigation" (above), they are strong and decorative, but at the same time rather pompous and dry in execution. John Hamilton Mortimer (1740-79) is not, strictly speaking, a painter of the Grand Manner, but his figure drawings are energetic and often brilliant. They are fast rising in price, but his engravings are cheap and fairly plentiful. It might be a good idea to look out for the more elusive artists of this kind, like Giles Hussey (1710-88) whose drawings are pedantic and painstaking.

The artists of the Grand Manner self-consciously imitated Italian methods of composition, but it would be absurd to pretend that even the best would stand up to the competition of their Italian counterparts. Even so, what they lack in quality they gain in their associative value: the artists themselves come alive in the memoirs of the period, and they give fascinating glimpses into literary London in its heyday.

Anthony Penge



ACROSS

- Rule, too; you start in France (8).
- Duck, and somehow clear the voice (6).
- The country endlessly swells with song (8).
- CO's PRO makes a grating sound (6).
- A victor's cause—a better character (8, 6).
- Page returns somewhat white, sniggering (5).
- She mother two (5).
- Mount of chaste Edwardian (5).
- First-class Communist published abroad (5).
- No native makes a charge (5).
- "I'm certainly reckoned a true" (W. S. Gilbert) (14).
- Battle of one in part of old London (6).
- Prize for girl with a broken lute (8).

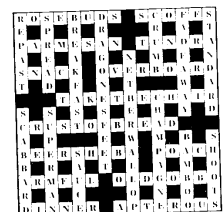
- Way to surround train (6).
- Foot levers bad lad into tree on Sunday (8).

DOWN

- Writers in revolt against doctor (4).
- Widows so leave cloisters in disarray (7).
- First man, hill-dweller — very tough! (7).
- Urging trial of licensee (7, 4).
- About to make a demand, and get back (7).
- Grumpy journalist went over (7).
- Former fairy intended, we hear, to test a theory (10).
- Tool to squeeze motorist? (11).
- Said sapper: "Change vanishes!" (10).
- Make merry French king rest in a different way (7).
- Old soldier sees nothing in the beast (7).

- In the morning, a tug first reaches the vessel (7).
- Put in office, Stalin is reformed by student (7).
- Bungle, of course! (4).

Solution next week



The last reckoning

by John Gooch

HISTORY OF THE SECOND WORLD WAR, by B. H. Liddell Hart (Cassell, 5 gns).

"War," Clausewitz remarked, "is an act of violence to compel the enemy to fulfil our will." The late Sir Basil Liddell Hart devoted his life to devising a system of strategy which could utilise violence in a way at once controlled and imaginative in order to gain political ends swiftly and with the least possible cost. The outcome was his theory of mechanised warfare which was put to the test during the Second World War. So the prospect of his analysis of that war is an exciting one.

The result not surprisingly, is a work which concentrates its attention on those theatres where armour and mechanised warfare played a major role, in North Africa and Western Europe. Liddell Hart's analysis of the campaigns in these theatres is brilliant, compounded as it is of rich detail and acute perception. It abounds with firm and scholarly judgments which are one of the delights of the work, and from them some of the military emerge with great credit. Sir John Dill dared to

challenge Churchill's decision not to shore up Singapore in 1941 but failed; Singapore fell. His opposite number, General Halder, endeavoured to persuade an infinitely more vindictive master that the pace of advance into Russia in 1942 was too great; he too failed, with results far more catastrophic. Some operational commanders also are singled out for special mention, among them O'Connor, Cunningham, Grettton, Rommel, and Kleist—who has perhaps not yet been given his due.

Some aspects of the struggle clearly failed to excite the author's interest and are given correspondingly less attention; thus we learn little of naval or aerial warfare, nothing of the role of partisans and nothing of the wartime organisations of societies and economies. This is perhaps the great defect of the work, because the Second World War was as much a war of attrition as was the first, but materiel replaced manpower as a crucial factor. There was no re-enactment of the costly operations such as the battle of the Somme when 60,000 men were lost on the first day. However the battle of Midway in June, 1942, saw what was to all intents and purposes a death struggle between American and Japanese aircraft carriers. Naval warfare also furnishes an example of the speed with which such strategic capital could be destroyed: the engagement in which the Hood was sunk and the Prince of Wales severely damaged on May 24, 1941, lasted only twenty-one minutes, not much longer than an episode of *The Archers*.

What came to count for at least as much as military facility was the economic capacity of the belligerents to sustain the level of industrial production needed to keep up the impetus of their military machines. An aside on Speer's heroic attempts to shore up the ramshackle German economic system only whets the appetite. The process of conducting a modern war also gave birth to important social changes, yet we get no mention of Beveridge, of Abercrombie, or even of PAYE—to the man in the street surely one of the most immediate and enduring of wartime measures.

Clausewitz it was who described war as "the bloody and destructive measuring of the strength of forces physical and moral." Liddell Hart's *History of the Second World War* gives us as incidentals the blood and destruction while describing the process of that measuring with sureness and scholarship, aided by a very fine set of maps. The work is flawed because it pays little attention to the moral forces, the organisation of civil communities to meet the demanding embraces of modern mechanised warfare. But there is none the less very great merit in it. Combat was the only means by which Hitler could be defeated and the Axis dissolved, and that process has now been described and explained so well that we need not wish it done over again.

Manchester men

by Harry Whewell

PORTRAIT OF MANCHESTER, by Michael Kennedy (Robert Hale, 30s).

In his preface, Michael Kennedy quotes Robert Southey, writing in 1802: "A place more destitute of all interesting objects than Manchester it is not easy to conceive." Mr Kennedy adds that he disagrees and that his book explains why. With respect—and one must be respectful to so much relevant material diligently collected and thoughtfully arranged—it does no such thing.

As anyone who has ever tried to devise such a list of interesting objects for an inquiring child or a curious visitor must know, the count is pathetically small for a place of Manchester's size and influence. The city was short of interesting objects in 1802 and it is short of them still. What it has always been rich in—at least for the past hundred years—is interesting subjects: native or adopted citizens.

Most men who write about Manchester make this clear, consciously or unconsciously, and Mr Kennedy is no exception. His book contains as much information about the physical side of Manchester as the common reader could want. The developing histories of the industrial areas and the housing estates are duly noted and dated along with those of the Grammar School and the Free Trade Hall. He catalogues, as he was bound

to do, the cultural and sporting sides of the city's life, and there are chapters on some of the causes and concepts it has taken up and enhanced.

All these things are clearly the duty of anyone writing about Manchester. Mr Kennedy only exceeds his duty when he writes about the great figures. When he is dealing with Scott and Simon, Barbirolli and Halle, Stoford and Lowry, the pages reflect depth and colour that are often missing elsewhere. The parallel between the book and the city itself is too obvious to miss and too close for comfort.

Splutterings

by Anthony Howard

THE PENDULUM YEARS, by Bernard Levin (Cape, 50s).

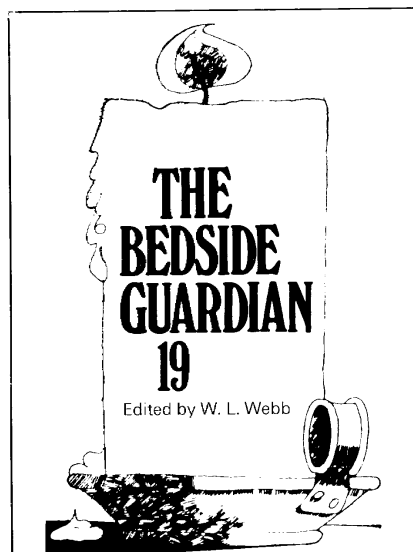
The first book from arguably Britain's best-known journalist is clearly something of an event. From the moment that I originally met Bernard Levin—which was before even he introduced himself to readers of the (then) "Manchester Guardian" with that memorable piece on ITV's opening night in September 1955—he was always both tempted and tormented by the idea of writing a book. Publishers would line up before him like the burghers of Calais, he would toy with their pleas and requests—only at the end of the day sternly to resist every blandishment that they could offer him. Book-writing, he would announce, was really an uneconomic use of a successful journalist's time, talent, and effort. But he kidded no one. We all knew that secretly he wanted to do it—and now he has.

The result, it has to be said, merely demonstrates that there were good reasons for his earlier wariness. All the tricks of the phrase-maker, the nimble debating foot-work, the splendid capacity to pick up and immortalise instances of the outer reaches of human folly, are represented in this 435-page personal survey of the Sixties. But the very skills that make Mr Levin such a master of the journalistic sprint prove his undoing as a long-distance runner. The knowing tone that always before excited now simply exhausts; the seeing-off punch-lines that previously never failed to be funny now succeed only in sounding forced; even that enviable, enveloping self-confidence (does anyone construct and control longer sentences?) in the end suffocates rather than stimulates.

But it is not just a question of the style: there is something badly wrong with the content too. *The Pendulum Years* is very much a bran-tub of a book—but however deep you dig into it there is never anything approaching a surprise package. Both the events it deals with and the way it treats them are altogether too predictable: whether it is Mr Levin inveighing against Mr Mervyn Griffith-Jones in the Lady Chatterley case or laying into the aged Bertrand Russell—we have been through it all before and do not really need to have it reshaped for our benefit now. In fact the one area where Mr Levin might have had something fresh and arresting to say he hardly enters.

The Vietnam War, which was very much Mr Levin's personal cause, at least of the later 1960s (as I ought to know, having had his "Daily Mail" columns defending it regularly presented to me by the LBJ White House), becomes the subject merely of a few bad-tempered pages on Canon Collins, Miss Vanessa Redgrave, Tariq Ali, and sundry other disapproved of British demonstrators. There is no effort on Mr Levin's part to defend or justify the hard-hat position he took up demanding that we should all be properly grateful for the efforts the Americans were making on our behalf. Charitably, one can only conclude that our Bernard still has enough native shrewdness to spot a loser when he is on to one.

But in that case one also has to ask "What about this book?" Perhaps the best that can be said is that it was worth a try. The familiar brilliance is certainly there in flashes: who else could have summoned up the vision of Sir Alec Douglas-Home "floating on the lethargic sea of his own simplicity" or, for that matter, have characterised Mr Wilson's voice as an "ingratiating wheedle?" But somehow and sadly the total impact is of a damp firework that splutters once or twice and then goes out.



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Being Fiedler

by Gabriel Pearson

BEING BUSTED, by Leslie A. Fiedler (Secker and Warburg, 35s.).

In 1968 Leslie Fiedler's home was penetrated by a teenage female police spy concealing an electronic bugging device. She allegedly planted a packet of marijuana which the police seized as evidence that the premises were used for drug-taking. Professor Fiedler has since been sentenced to six months' imprisonment. He is currently appealing.

Meanwhile, in *Being Busted*, he is appealing to the different constituency of intellectual and academic peers. The appeal is simultaneously an apologia and fictional autobiography. His case commands all one's sympathy. The book of the case is another matter and requires to be treated on its own terms.

Fiedler views "Being Busted" as a third stage in

his self-evolution as a controversial figure, living dangerously between such incarnations of the great American polarities as excommunist Jewish Easterner and Montana backwoodsman; a square purveyor of obsolete culture to post literate and myth-obsessed youth. Such a situation requires heroic resiliency. "Be faithful to your ambivalence," he exhorts himself. To be so is to be truly, to be mythically American, "to suit oneself, one's history and one's fate." Above all, Fiedler is heroically a teacher, a critic, a professor. It is in the academy that America encounters institutionally and consciously her own vast inarticulate dream. This is the new, last frontier manned by Fiedler with a pen as deadly and self-expressive as Hemingway's gun.

He images the academy as "the spot-lighted ring . . . in which bleeding actors and reeling audience are equally violated, only the referee a mediator, dancing his detachment from the kill." "Being Busted" does not turn Fiedler into a protagonist but it does uniquely qualify him for a place in the ring as the dancing referee. The dance inevitably slows up with age; it seems to age even in this book.

In spite of some admission of the pathos of tiredness, an ecstasy of self-congratulation still keeps this book fairly high. It celebrates a

fortunate fall, the sheer beautiful luck of being so positioned as to overhear what the young dream and purvey it, not ungraciously, to the old. Being Busted has become the latest mode of Making It.

Making It, of course, is still the American Dream and it depends upon the assumption that America is superlative: "America, however, surpasses all the rest"; in efficient repression, that is. Europe remains America's superannuated shadow, at best a consumer durable served up to the tripping Fulbrighter. Fiedler's stay in Sussex left no more deposit than irritation at British self-absorption in the minutiae of her own decadence.

Fiedler is a brave fighter. The first half of the book is a wonderfully stylish, self-sustaining dance between the dandified and the demotic that constitutes, as in Mailer, the modern Song of Myself. Fiedler notes how Montana wives strove "to extort gardens out of the porous soil." Exactly like the American writer. Though sooner or later must he not admit that it is extortion, the soil really porous, the wives also relevantly on the scene, the all-male jamboree over? Between the lines of this book one glimpses precisely a responsible domestic sobriety. To admit that that would be heroism indeed, as also that the dream-crazed young should be handled with extreme caution. They may be bugged.

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£42M to rescue Rolls-Royce

In its first major intervention, the Government has saved Rolls Royce, Britain's most prestigious company, from the threat of bankruptcy by providing an extra £42 millions of public money. This will be used for development on the RB 211-22 jet engine for the Lockheed TriStar Airbus.

At the same time Rolls astonished the City by announcing a loss of £48 millions for the first half of this year (against a profit of £2.5 millions last year) largely because of provisions made for mounting losses on the RB 211-22 engine, which was accepted at a fixed price in March, 1968.

At the time it was hailed as the biggest British export order, which would herald a new era for Rolls-Royce. Instead, inflation and technical problems (including troubles with the much-vaunted carbon fibre blades) have all brought the company to its knees. Rolls admitted last week that up to 600 engines had been accepted for delivery over five years and

that "substantial losses" are forecast.

The Government's help is linked to a large management shuffle, including the appointment of Lord Cole, former chairman of Unilever, as chairman instead of Sir Denning Pearson, who becomes a non-executive deputy chairman.

It was also announced that Sir David Huddie, who was knighted for his services to exports after negotiating the RB 211-22 contract, is to retire, although he will continue as a "consultant."

Government aid of £42 millions is supported by another unsecured loan of £18 millions by a group of banks. On present calculations this should enable Rolls-Royce to meet expected cash needs of £35 millions in 1971 and £25 millions in 1972.

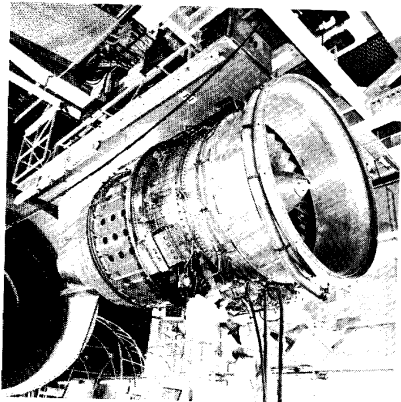
All this relates to the need of the RB 211-22 engine for the Lockheed Airbus. If it is decided to go ahead with the British or European Airbus, still more money will have to be made available.

Engines for the Concorde are financed separately by the British and French Governments. Like most aerospace companies in America, Rolls is more or less mortgaged to the Government. Rolls-Royce's unsullied reputation throughout the world, however, is bound to suffer from the announcement.

The group has often been criticised for having too many brilliant young engineers and not enough financial control. This has been all too well demonstrated in practice, in spite of American companies suffering similar problems.

In the Commons there were gasps of surprise from the Opposition when Mr Frederick Corfield, the Minister for Aviation Supply, announced that the cost of developing the RB 211-22 engine was estimated to have risen from £100 millions to £135 millions. Recognising the size and importance of the development programme, he said, the Government had decided to join the company and its

Cause of the trouble—the RB211-22 engine for the Lockheed TriStar airliner being tested at Derby. The engine shown here is being prepared for its first run in one of the new production engine test beds.



bankers in meeting the increased cost.

Rolls-Royce, in its financial statement, said that provision for engine losses of £35 millions and £10 millions for contingencies turned a loss of £3.1 millions for

the first 24 weeks of this year into a loss of £48 millions. In effect the company is throwing all the dirt into this year's accounts. This should enable the group, other things being equal, to show a profit in 1971.

VICTOR KEEGAN ON R-R's problems with the Lockheed Airbus contract.



British Leyland hopeful

by John Coyne

British Leyland Motor Corporation will not be coming to the market with either an equity or a loan issue in the near future, nor is it looking to the Government to mount any financial support operation.

In spite of a severe liquidity strain which was well known even before the management's warning to Austin Morris workers, the group has arranged with its bankers to provide extra facilities to fund a capital expenditure plan running in excess of £50 millions a year.

British Leyland has recently been the subject of considerable speculation on its financial position, and one MP has raised the possibility of a bankruptcy in Parliament. With the Rolls-Royce situation coming to a head, speculation on BLMC has intensified, but company sources make it clear that the reports are not accurate.

The group's cash problems have been accentuated by the recent changes in investment grants. In the year just ended, for instance, the group expected grants of £8.3 millions on expenditure of £52 millions. The group is continuing

its rolling four-year capital expenditure plans for £200 millions, suggesting that this year's spending will be on a par with last year's. This time around, however, the group will have no grants to aid its cash flow.

Of course the 60 per cent free depreciation allowed in its place could be just as valuable in the short term, but only if the profits are available to take advantage of the tax benefits. Present indicators are that British Leyland should indeed have the profits available to take advantage of the changes. There is no reason, say company sources, why the group should not have a "respectable profit" for the present year.

In any event, with a depreciation charge of £40 millions there is only a small gap to find between planned annual capital expenditure of around £50 millions. The group's bankers have apparently indicated their willingness to accommodate the group until permanent finance can be arranged in a year or two when capital markets are stronger.

As to the year just ended on September 30, City expectations are of a figure £500,000 either side of break even.

Settlement at GM

by Tom Tickell

The agreement between General Motors and the Auto Workers' Union in America is obviously going to be a major setback to the Administration's efforts to restrict inflation.

It appears that the settlement will give the company's workers increases in wages and fringe benefits totalling more than 30 per cent during the next three years, including an immediate pay increase of about 14 per cent. Wages for most men will go up by about 7s to more than £2 an hour.

The union has won a major victory in getting General Motors to accept that there should be no ceiling on the "escalator clause" which will raise pay as the cost of living goes up. The cost to General Motors in wages alone could well be in excess of \$2,000 millions a year.

The settlement will certainly increase pressure for agreement

elsewhere. In the industry it will be the model for settlements with Fords, Chryslers, and the American Motor Corporation, and with firms supplying components.

The increases will also set a target for other unions, which will soon be starting negotiations on new contracts. The steelworkers, whose contract expires next year, are determined to get "very, very substantial wage increases" according to their president, Mr I. W. Abel.

General Motors' main negotiator, Mr Earl Bramblett, said after the talks that the cost of the settlement was "substantially more than the anticipated rise in productivity in this country and this, of course, is true of the general level of settlements in recent times." When he was asked specifically whether it was inflationary, he replied that what he had said was "the general definition of inflation."

Flightpath to ruin?

So Rolls-Royce, the fallen idol of British industry, has proved the first big exception to the Government's declared policy of non intervention. To be fair the Government has hinted that aerospace may have to be helped. But the scale of assistance (an extra £42 millions on top of £47 millions already committed to save the group from disaster) comes as a surprise.

And all this just for the RB 211-22 engine to power the Lockheed Airbus. The question of further money for a different version of the engine for the British or European Airbus has been shelved for the moment. This is expected to cost around £60 millions—if you believe estimates any more.

The announcement that last year's half-yearly profit of £2.5 millions has, after going into a disastrous reverse thrust, become a loss of £48 millions this year, is the latest in Rolls-Royce's ignominious fall from grace. The proudest name in British engineering has seen its shares sink from 50s last year to less than 12s even before the announcement was made.

The Rolls-Royce debacle raises two important points: the implications for Government intervention, and the competence of the company itself. In defence of Rolls, it must be said that the world aerospace industry is in a bad way and to a large extent lives off national assistance. The crisis applies to airframe manufacturers like Boeing, airlines (with the surprising exception of BOAC), and engine manufacturers.

P Pratt and Whitney, the biggest of the three remaining engine companies of any importance, has been in trouble. The shares of its

parent company have plummeted over the last year and P and W itself has had to cough up £20 millions for technical troubles on its Jumbo jet engines. Lockheed, which takes the Rolls-Royce RB 211-22 engine, has been hovering around bankruptcy largely because of a who-pays-what wrangle with the US Government over contracts.

Rolls-Royce has had its fair share of technical troubles, notably with its carbon fibre blades, but they should be seen against this context. Rolls is still a brilliant engineering company, but the fact remains it must bear heavy responsibility for making the "shipbuilders' mistake of taking on contracts involving such advanced technology with no substantial escalation clauses.

It is the company's business to make judgments about likely technical problems and the prospects of runaway inflation. As a result of these errors of judgment (for which the Ministry of Technology, which was deeply involved, must share the blame) what was hailed as the biggest breakthrough for Rolls-Royce in March 1968, has become an albatross around the company's neck.

On one matter the present Government is responsible. The replacing of investment grants—paid in cash—with profit-related benefits by the Government to stimulate investment, has hit Rolls hard. It has no profits against which it can offset anything—or even with which it could take advantage of the 2½ per cent cut in corporation tax. It is not the only major British company in this position.

The Government's kiss of life for Rolls could be very misleading

if it is seen as a sign of a volte face by the Government over propping up ailing companies. To have let Rolls go bankrupt was virtually unthinkable. It is a large employer of labour and the nation's fifth largest exporter.

More than that. If Rolls-Royce had been allowed to go under there would have been no company left in the world to challenge the divine right of the Americans to make advanced civil aero engines. Without Rolls, General Electric of America and Pratt and Whitney would have shared a world monopoly between them, with all that implies for prices in the future.

There are signs elsewhere that City talk that the Government is prepared to see a major bankruptcy in an attempt to jolt the country away from runaway inflation, is not far off the mark. Rolls may have been the last to escape.

In any case, the Government has yet to decide whether Rolls-Royce stays in the first league of world aero engine manufacturers or whether it ought to be relegated to the second. That will depend on permission being given for Rolls to develop an advanced version of the RB 211-22 (almost a different engine) for whatever Airbus the Government opts for.

The Government may yet decide that so much of the country's resources of skilled manpower and capital should not be concentrated in one company. The choice is either to opt out of the big league and channel the resources saved in another more profitable direction, or to merge Rolls with a company outside Britain. This has already been mooted in the City.

Our 'Enery lightens the gloom

It would be easy to take a gloomy view of British sport this week: there have been so many setbacks, ranging from the continuing dreary form of the MCC cricketers in Australia to the inability of home tennis players to dominate the final stages of the Dewar Cup circuit. Throw in the failure of British golfers in the World Cup at Buenos Aires, the drubbing in the Laurel International horse race in Washington, the pronounced dip in attendances at Football League matches, and the unconvincing form of all four home countries in international soccer matches, and this week's sports diary looks as cheerless as the month that has spawned these events.

One cloud of light was the success of Henry Cooper in regaining the European heavyweight boxing championship, the third time he has held the title, having twice had it taken from him for technical reasons. At 36, "Our 'Enery" gave the holder, Jose Ibar Urtain, the Basque boulder thrower, 10 years and the expected lesson in the noble art as exemplified in all the brutal efficiency of Cooper's left arm. Jabbing, hooking, or uppercutting, but mostly jabbing insistently in Urtain's face, that left showed little loss of skill, though doubts were expressed later about other aspects of Cooper's abilities.

Urtain, one eye closed and the other cut as records of Cooper's efficiency, was unable to continue before the ninth round began, but in the eight rounds he lasted he did enough to expose the fact, obvious as it may seem to some, that Cooper's age is beginning to catch up. No one wants to see him end his career horizontal, and there are numerous calls for him to retire. His manager, Jim Wicks, has no such doubts. Cooper next visits South Africa for a couple of fights, and then would like two or three fights as champion before quitting.

The simple reason is money... something for their retirement. But the youngsters eager to challenge Cooper, including Metelinden and Bugner in Britain, have much more talent than Urtain, who though strong and willing was mostly wild. It is the youngsters who could end Cooper's years abruptly. One thing is sure, though, Cooper's final pay packet will be weighty.

Another boxing success was that of Bunny Sterling, the coloured Commonwealth middleweight champion who is having difficulty getting fights in Britain. Although still suffering the effects of gastro-enteritis, Sterling outpointed Kahu Mahange (New Zealand) in a title defence in Australia. Sterling hopes to return to Australia to fight their champion, Tony Mundine, and also wants to challenge the European title holder, Tom Bogs (Denmark).

ALAN DUNN'S DIARY

tralia to fight their champion, Tony Mundine, and also wants to challenge the European title holder, Tom Bogs (Denmark).

More cheerful news came with the announcement of the British team to meet the Americans for the Walker Cup at St Andrews next May. It is: M. F. Bonallack (capt.), R. Carr, R. Foster, C. W. Breen, W. Humphreys, J. S. Macdonald, C. Macgregor, G. C. Marks, D. M. Marsh, H. B. Stuart. Reserves are: M. G. King and A. P. Thomson. Young Humphreys, who drew a touch of praise from Jack Nicklaus after they were paired in the Open this year, is, at 18, one of the youngest players to be selected for the series, while Roddy Carr, at 20, completes a notable double for the Carr family, his father, Joe, being a formidable figure in the amateur golfing world for three decades. While the leaning towards youth is admirable, there is a sufficient leavening of experience, including the recall of David Marsh after 12 years, to give the team a balanced look. So many top amateurs have recently turned professional that the field for selection has been rather limited, and the team faces a stiff task.

The flood of indifferent news can no longer be staunch, however, and one might as well stay on the golf course to record Britain's dreary showing in the World Cup. The Welsh pair, Brian Huggett and David Thomas, were the best of the four British teams, 27 strokes behind the winners, Bruce Devlin and David Graham, of Australia, whose only poor rounds were on the last day when both scored more than 70 for the first time at the Jockey Club course.

England, with Tony Jacklin failing to find inspiration from Peter Butler's steadiness, were on 575; Scotland

(Ronnie Shade and George Will) on 576; and Ireland (Hugh Jackson and Jimmy Martin) on 588. The individual winner was the highly popular "local" winner, Roberto de Vicenzo (Argentina) with 269, beating Graham by one shot. The final four in the team prize were 545 Australia; 554 Argentina; 563 South Africa; and 565 United States — thus ending for a year the US domination of both events.

The Americans had greater success in the Laurel Washington International. Fort Marcy, the favourite at 6.5, repeated his success of 1967, finishing a length ahead of the French filly, Miss Dan, in driving rain. The sodden conditions were blamed for the fifth placing of England's challenger, Lorenzo, ridden by our champion jockey, Lester Pigott, seeking his third successive victory. Fort Marcy's win brought his earnings in stake money to more than \$1 million, the tenth US horse to reach that figure.

Soccer took a few knocks this week, notably at the gate. Figures produced by the Football League showed that up to the end of October, average attendances were down by 1.164. The First and Second Divisions have lost the most, more people are watching Third Division games, and the Fourth Division also dipped. Average gates were: First Division, 31,949 from 33,765 last year; Second Division 15,818 (17,254); Third Division 8,544 (7,800); Fourth Division 5,067 (5,436).

Too much soccer crowd violence, reduced standards of play, and televising of extracts of matches were among the reasons for the decline put forward by critics. Certainly, at international level, there seems to be a degree of indifference, perhaps only natural after seeing World Cup soccer pumped through one's television set during the summer. At the huge Hampden Park stadium, 24,000 were scattered like birds around the stands for Scotland's match with Denmark in the European Nations Cup. Scotland, hit by injuries, squeezed a win 1-0, but did little to encourage the 24,000 to call again. Four thousand fewer were at Cardiff to see Wales secure a goalless draw against the strong Rumanian side, while only 17,000 turned out at Hull to watch England beat Sweden in an Under-23 international. These are

the type of show occasions when the future senior internationals are paraded, but although England won 2-0 with goals by Brian Kidd, the game drifted quickly into anonymity.

In contrast, Northern Ireland had an audience of 48,000 for their European Nations Cup match with Spain in Seville. Spain were flattered by their win, 3-0, for the Irish were generally lively, especially Best. But in his next match, Best was booked for the third time in a year and now faces the possibility of a hefty fine and suspension from his club, Manchester United. Two of Best's three bookings have been for registering dissent from a referee's decision — the Irish are traditionally not tempered — but the Disciplinary Committee are unlikely to be charitable.

There will be gloom in such Northern cities as Manchester, Leeds, and Stoke at Sir Alf Ramsey's decision not to include Bobby Charlton, Jack Charlton, and Gordon Banks in his England squad from which the team to play East Germany at Wembley next week will be chosen. Banks, considered widely to be the finest goalkeeper in the world, and the Charlton brothers are in their 30s, and Sir Alf, loyalist but no sentimentalist where the hard world of professional soccer is concerned, knows that the time has come to start rebuilding for the World Cup of 1972. These are his early choices: Clemence and Shilton as goalkeepers; Cooper, Hollins, Hughes, Hunter, McFarland, Moore, Mullery, Reaney, Sadler, and Wright as defenders; and Ball, Bell, Clarke, Hurst, Kidd, Lee, Osgood, Royale, and Thompson as forwards. Somewhere among that lot there could be the makings of another World Cup side.

Lawn tennis policy, in turmoil at the moment, saw British pretensions slumped down in the indoor Dewar Cup finals in London. Francois Durr (France) beat Ann Jones 7-6, 2-6, 6-2 in an absorbing final, having beaten Virginia Wade in a semifinal. In the men's final the British were unrepresented, John Alexander (Australia) beating Tom Gorman (US) 5-7, 7-6, 7-6. It was the first time that a tie-break system had been used, and though confusing at first it eventually served its purpose of getting matches finished in reasonable order.

by John Rodda

End of an athletics era

There will be no more athletics at the White City, London. In a tortuous statement last week the Greyhound Racing Association and the British Amateur Athletics Board got round to the fact that the last winning sport has been taken, the final long jump measured, and the shot and discus stored away for the last time.

For those within the sport in Britain this is hardly news; the closure has been expected, even urged, for the past few years. But for many people all over the world the end of the White City will be like the death of a close friend. People like Vladimir Kutz, Emil Zatopek, Herb Elliott, Peter Snell, Ron Clarke, Sydney Wooderson, Chris Chataway, Herb McKiney, McDonald Bailey, Arne Anderson, Gundar Hagg, Sandor Iheros, Laszlo Tabori, John Pannell, Valery Brunel, Lynn Davies, Wilma Rudolph, Mary Rand, Tamara and Irena Press, and Nina Ponomoreva and a host of others will pause and remember an important moment in their athletic lives. It was the Parthenon of the sport, and there were more great athletics achievements at the stadium than in any other one.

It was, as Sydney Wooderson said the other day, inadequate from the time that athletics made its home there in 1932. But that really did not matter, and men broke world records at distances from a mile upwards. The Stadium was built for the 1908 Olympic Games, and it had a dramatic

beginning for it was there that Peitri Dorando was helped across the finishing line in the marathon and thus was disqualified from taking the gold medal.

The greatest race? I put that question to the chairman of the GRA, Laddie Lucas, who has seen most of the big events there since the end of the last war: "Oh, the Kutz-Chataway race; I can see that tremendous surge in the middle of the back straight now." Anyone else there on October 13, 1954, will have the same clear vision of the man with the red hair matching the surges of the red-vested Russian and finally just getting away from him, an effort that brought a world record of 13min 51.6sec for 5,000 metres.

Derek Ibbotson brought the world mile record back to Britain there on September 19, 1957. A perfect piece of pacemaking accomplished by Mike Blagrove of Ealing Harriers cleared the way for a flying last lap by the indomitable Ibbotson who broke the tape and achieved the magical figure of 3min 57.4sec.

Gordon Pirie's singleness of purpose helped to pack the arena through the fifties. But there were moments of greatness seen by but a few, such as the afternoon Adrian Metcalfe set up three Oxbridge records, for 100 yards, 220 yards, and 440 yards, in less than two hours.

The GRA have fathered the sport well. Having enjoyed the years of the 30,000 and 40,000 spectators,

they supported it through the days when economically it was not really wise to do so. "We are a commercial organisation," Mr Lucas told me, "and are responsible to our shareholders. Our revenue from athletics is less than half of one per cent. To redevelop the track with eight lanes and a Tartan surface costing 500,000 would not have been commercially profitable for three or four meetings a year.

"The stadium is to be redeveloped

as an all-purpose one for a crowd of between 7,000 and 10,000 with the crowd on one side housed in a luxury that is not available at any stadium in either Europe or the United States."

Last week's announcement was prompted because the only athletics international in London next year will now be at Crystal Palace. With the Women's, Schools, and the AAA championships there, this is the new home of the sport. But the administrators of the sport should say so.

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No Test for Ward

by Brian Chapman
in Sydney

Alar Ward's MCC Test career in Australia is finished before it began. The Derbyshire fast bowler is going home to England, but the manager, David Clark, said this week: "We shall not rush him."

The injury to his right leg is still something of a mystery. Clark said: "There is something in his physical make-up which nobody seems to understand." Ward is naturally deeply distressed at the decision, but he accepts it as a necessity which is tragic for him. Unless this medical problem can be solved it may cause the close of his career at 23, when he held out promise of becoming one of the great fast bowlers of the world. His X-ray examination revealed "a slight irregularity of the lateral aspect of the fibular," which was due to "a tiny avulsion fracture." The harsh dictum is that rest is essential and that "sporting activity" is ruled out for at least four weeks.

The doctors have spoken in their own technical terms, and cricket is infinitely the poorer. The pros and cons of Ward's interest and the team's interests have been fairly worked out. Ineffect he could not bowl in any Test before the fifth "with any degree of prudence."

The replacement for Ward is Bob Willis, of Surrey, who at 21 receives his big chance in international cricket. Willis came near to selection when the England team was originally picked. He bowls with fire and lift, though not so outstandingly fast as Ward. It is in his favour that he moves the ball away from the batsman. I have heard Surrey colleagues say that at his best few faster bowlers are his equal, but that he is inconsistent.

Willis is tackling a tremendous job out here and will need to be at his peak all the time. If our fast attack cannot crack open the top Australian batsman more effectively than hitherto, we can hardly expect to win the series.







The Australian team for the first Test contains four newcomers. They are Greg Chappell, an all rounder and brother of Ian, Rod Marsh, a wicket-keeper batsman who supplants Taber, Terry Jenner, a leg break bowler, and Alan Thomson, the Victoria unconventional fast bowler. It is surprising that Jenner is preferred to O'Keefe, who bowled so well for New South Wales in the first innings against MCC. Marsh, from West Australia, was described to me as capable of being the first wicket-keeper to score a Test century for Australia. Lawry has to undergo a fitness examination but is expected to play. The side has high potential in batting but does not look so impressive in bowling as Connolly is omitted. The team is:

W. F. Lawry (capt.), I. M. Chappell (vice capt.), G. Chappell, J. W. Clewson, T. Jenner, R. Marsh, D. McKenzie, I. R. Redpath, A. P. Sheahan, K. R. Stackpole, A. Thomson, K. D. Walters.

EUROPE

What's in it for American business today?

A one-day Symposium at the Waldorf Astoria, New York, on Wednesday, 2nd December 1970

9.20 'Introduction'  The Rt. Hon. Lord Robbins, C.H., C.B. <i>Chairman of the Financial Times</i>	9.45 'A European Currency-Counterweight to the Dollar'  Herr Hermann Abs, <i>Chairman of the Supervisory Board of the Deutsche Bank</i>	11.00 'Financing European Industry'  Baron Guy de Rothschild <i>President of Banque Rothschild, Paris</i>	11.55 'Creating Europe's Industrial Giants'  Signor Giovanni Agnelli <i>Chairman of FIAT, Turin</i>	2.15 'Challenging Europe's Industrial Giants'  M. Louis Camu <i>President, Banque de Bruxelles</i>	3.10 'Britain's Role in Europe'  Rt. Hon. Roy Jenkins, M.P. <i>British Chancellor of the Exchequer, 1967-1970</i>
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Current concern in American business circles, about the development of the European Economic Community, goes far beyond the import restrictions at present before Congress.

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upon the American economy, is this outweighed by political benefits? Does America now face a more formidable challenge in Europe than heretofore or will expansion continue at its recent rate?

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